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A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1896.

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The Lectureship will be tenable for five years, and the Lecturer will be eligible for re-election. He will be expected to enter on his duties next October.
The Lecturer will receive the free income of Dr. William Anderson's Bequest, amounting at present to about £350 per annum.
Applications, with such testimonials as the candidate may desire to offer, must be lodged, on or before 4th July ensuing, with ROBERT WALKER, Esq., M.A., Secretary of the Court.
University of Aberdeen, 14th May, 1896.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE of NORTH WALES, BANGOR.

The APPOINTMENT of a TEMPORARY LECTURER in MODERN HISTORY, to undertake the full duties of the Department for next Session, is contemplated. Salary £200. A more definite announcement will be made next week.
JOHN EDWARD LLOYD, M.A.,
May 20th, 1896. Secretary and Registrar.

FIRTH COLLEGE, SHEFFIELD.

The COUNCIL of FIRTH COLLEGE intend to APPOINT a PROFESSOR of ENGLISH LANGUAGE and LITERATURE for the Session commencing in October next.
Candidates are requested to send applications before June 10th.
Further particulars may be obtained from ESSOR DRURY, Registrar.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LIVERPOOL

QUEEN VICTORIA PROFESSORSHIP OF LAW.

The COUNCIL invite APPLICATIONS for the QUEEN VICTORIA PROFESSORSHIP of LAW, which will be vacant on the 1st October next, by the resignation of Professor Jenks.
Applications, with references and copies of testimonials, should be sent on or before the 20th June, to the SECRETARY of the LIVERPOOL BOARD of LEGAL STUDIES, 13, Union Court, Liverpool, from whom particulars may be obtained.
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"The sea language is not soon learned, and much less understood, being only proper to him that has passed his apprenticeship; besides that, a boisterous sea and rough weather will make a man not used to it so sick that it bereaves him of legs, stomach, and courage so much as to fight with his meat; and in such weather, when he hears a seaman cry starboard or port, or to bide aloof or to flat a sheet, or haul home a clew-line, he thinks he hears a barbarous speech, which he conceives not the meaning of."

In some respects this complaint is as well founded now as it was in the days of James I. Although the modern writer on naval affairs is concerned with quite other matters than luffs and sheets and clew-lines, his technicalities are no less alarming. Perhaps the details with which he has to deal are more (rather than less) complicated than they were in the days when Blake and mighty Nelson fell, especially so far as the ships themselves are concerned. But their importance to us has also increased. For this, as for many equally obvious reasons, we cordially welcome the excellent idea which Messrs. George Bell & Sons have had, of giving the British public a complete view of the organisation and functions of the Royal Navy, written in language that need present no difficulty to the merest "man in the street."

The series is under the general editorship of Commander C. N. Robinson, R.N., whose short history of *The British Fleet* is very much alive to testify to his fitness for such a responsibility. It is designed as a complete account of our first line of defence in all its details and branches, from the First Lord down to the rawest boy, from the *Royal Sovereign* down to Torpedo-boat No. 17. The first three volumes out of the proposed twelve have already appeared; and if one may judge from the excellence of their execution, the complete series will be a quite unique and indispensable body of information and expert opinion upon all the subjects connected with our modern fleet: in short, a naval encyclopaedia.

The first volume appropriately deals with the history and present nature of the executive which is responsible for the efficiency of our navy. Its purpose is "to describe the organisation, system, and working of the Board of Admiralty, and of the civil departments through which its operations are conducted, to explain and illustrate the character and procedure of our naval administration." The author, having been First Sea Lord for some years, has the advantage of practical familiarity with his subject: while his zeal in research is illustrated by his modest confession that the compilation of this volume has taught him more of the interior working of the Admiralty than all his experience in a single department could do. On the whole, he thinks well of the system, and betrays a certain pleasure in teaching the public to recognise its services.

"When we read of naval operations, of battles and single-ship actions, of cutting-out expeditions, and of prizes taken from the enemy, we are sometimes apt to forget that behind all this rests the directive hand of the Admiralty Board."

On the other side, when the periodical panic convulses the British public, we are not slow to threaten the somewhat vague personality of the Board with the vengeance of "the wild mob's million feet," if it fails in its duty. The Board, of course, has grown up out of the ancient office of Lord High Admiral, which, like the Treasury, has proved too great a burden for any single pair of shoulders, and is now always put in commission, as has been the practice, with a single brief exception, for nearly two centuries. Arising thus, the administrative system of the Admiralty has retained a happy flexibility which is essential to the nature of its duties. The Lords of the Admiralty are jointly co-equal "Commissioners for executing the office of High Admiral," with a single head, the First Lord, and a number of special departments which serve as hands to carry out their biddings. They are in constant free communication with one another, with the Cabinet Minister above and the permanent officials below them. The whole arrangement, indeed, is like that of a fleet at sea, in which the First Lord is the admiral in charge of the whole and responsible for its doings, while the other Lords are at once his counsellors in forming a decision and his officers in carrying it out.

"Those who know the inner working of our naval administration best, recognise the high value of the consultative functions of the Board, which brings together the highest professional opinion for the guidance of the First Lord, and, enabling its members to discuss every question among themselves, greatly benefits the service by the free interchange of those ideas which build up our naval policy, and lead to the means for carrying it into effect."

Of course, however excellent a system may be, its value depends ultimately upon that of the men who happen to be carrying it out; and all the happy flexibility of our Admiralty is of no avail to counterbalance the disasters that might be caused by a weak or careless First Lord or incompetent counsellors. An enlightened public opinion, on the one hand, and that admirable *esprit de corps* and devotion to the good of the country for which our navy has always been distinguished, on the other, are our best guarantees that a good system will remain in competent hands. It has by no means always been so. But we have a fair ground for hoping that in the future we shall keep our flag flying as high as it has ever been in the past, when only the self-devotion and skill of our sailors has sometimes availed to neutralise the incompetence or corruption of those at home who should have guided them.

As the first volume of the series deals with the mechanism of the whole service, so the second treats that of the particular ship. In the fifty years or so which have elapsed since the use of steam became general in our navy, our battle-ships have become very complex pieces of machinery indeed. The number of separate engines on board a single ship may range up to a hundred. Mr. Oldknow has given a very clear and concise account of the nature and functions of these in his volume, which is not exactly light reading, but may be cordially recommended to those who, without being practical engineers, know a little about machinery, who want to understand the mechanism of a man-of-war as well as they do that of the locomotive or bicycle of daily life, and are anxious to have some notion of the questions that the service papers are always discussing with incomprehensible heat. For them Mr. Oldknow's book is the very thing. His chapter on "The Battle of the Boilers" and the great water-tube question is equally clear and timely, and his distinct disapprobation of forced draught commends itself to the reader whose common sense has not been deboshed by the excessive use of statistics.

There are few more interesting subjects to the reader with naval tastes than that of torpedoes and the curious classes of vessels that have been developed for their use. Mr. Armstrong's book, written in a straightforward, sailor-like style, that makes it as readable as a novel, is the very thing that I, for one, have wanted to get hold of for the last half-dozen years. The torpedo

is *par excellence* the weapon of the future. As one cannot but agree with Mr. Armstrong, who is in love with his subject: "The next great naval war will bestow upon the torpedo and its users a halo of romance which will eclipse entirely that surrounding the gun and the ram." A good part of this fascination arises from the forlorn-hope nature of the life in a torpedo-boat on actual service.

"Death by destruction or foundering, explosion of the boilers, collision, or premature explosion of their torpedoes, are dangers which will have to be faced every moment in action. The constant strain will tell terribly on both officers and men. . . . For ever on the *qui vive* for friends and foes alike, the crew's energy and vitality will be tried to an extent never before required from human beings."

One is happy to see that Mr. Armstrong, who recognises so fully the difficulties of his arm, is bubbling over with enthusiasm for it and confidence that it will be used to effect, even if the users have to perish with the ironclad they destroy. In the meantime, he has given the general reader every facility for appreciating the nature of this deadly arm of the service; and one sincerely trusts that it will be long before we need to turn again to his pages for comprehension of the details of what Mr. Kipling calls "bloody war."

W. E. GARRETT FISHER.

Johnson's Lives of the Poets. A New Edition. With Notes and Introduction by Arthur Waugh. In 6 vols. Vol. I. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

THE interest in eighteenth-century literature shows no signs of flagging. The *Lives of the Poets* has now come in for its fair share of attention; and two or three complete editions are appearing or about to appear, besides several annotated editions of the more important biographies. That issued by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co., of which the first volume is before us, will be worthy of the author and the work.

It is well known that Peter Cunningham in his admirable edition of the *Lives* (1854) showed little reverence for the text, and that he silently transposed passages, corrected dates and names, and in other ways corrupted the text with the object of making the details more accurate. Mr. Waugh, whose name is familiar to us on account of his useful study of Tennyson, has wisely gone back to the text of 1783, the last which had the advantage of Johnson's own corrections. It does not differ materially from that which is given in the ordinary cheap editions of the work; and it has, we may note, been carefully reprinted by Mrs. Napier in "Bohn's Standard Library."

The editor's Introduction is short and readable. In a few brightly written pages he relates the origin of the *Lives*, and gives us a critical estimate of their value. He unfortunately tells us little of the sources to which Johnson applied for his biographical particulars, though in an edition not specially intended for students this is not to be wondered at. Few well-read men of the present time know Edward Philips, Jonathan Richardson, Ruffhead, Orrery, Deane Swift, and even Spence, with intimate familiarity; and some account of Johnson's indebtedness to them and to similar writers might have been serviceable. The editor's discussion of Johnson's methods of criticism seems, on the whole, eminently fair and reasonable, and certainly does not make any excessive claims on behalf of the great Cham of literature.

Mr. Waugh, however, hardly makes clear the relation between the competing ideals which divide Johnson's allegiance—correctness, common-sense, and edification. On the one hand, Johnson accepts fully the criticism of correctness. He insists on the need of a poetical diction, and on the requirements of formal accuracy, with regard to verse, figure of speech, and so forth. In this way criticism becomes chiefly negative in method, and, as Dr. Fellows puts it, "he is the best writer against whom the fewest faults can be alleged." On the other hand, Johnson is equally certain that the "common sense of readers uncorrupted with literary prejudices" will have to decide finally the position of every poet in the hierarchy of Parnassus. By common sense, the supreme virtue of the eighteenth century, everything must in the long run be determined. The dicta of Aristotle and Longinus, and of Bossu and Boileau, are subject to its revision. It is his allegiance to common sense, and not his somewhat dull perception of literary beauty, which often saves Johnson's criticism from becoming absurd. His third ideal is that of edification. Moved by this, he adds Sir Richard Blackmore and Dr. Watts to the number of the immortals; while he thinks badly of Gray's "Bard," because it "does not promote any truth, moral or political." I should have been glad to see an attempt to show the exact relation in Johnson's mind between these three tests of excellence. That they are to a large extent incompatible is obvious.

The chief business of the critic is to discriminate clearly the various aims of the author, and to estimate the degree of success with which he thinks those aims are attained. The valuation of the means has more attraction for Johnson than the analysis of the ends. He cannot sympathetically apprehend the objects which writers of other times and other social environments placed before themselves. He has not the flexibility of imagination and the emotional versatility that a critic of the first rank must have. It is impossible for him to project himself into the position of an Elizabethan or a Jacobean poet. It never occurs to him that Arcadia cannot be adequately judged from the latitude of Fleet-street. Besides this defect, Johnson had another. Aesthetically, as well as physically, he was shortsighted; and he lacked the acute and immediate sensibility to beauty which has saved many a great critic from the absurdities of a one-sided theory of art. He saw only the broken rule, the inconsistency of statement, the fallacy in reasoning, the faulty simile, the indifferent rhyme. The apprehension of the beauty which lay beneath the formal error was not granted to him. A profound hint, a vivid glimpse, a thrill of pathos, was as naught to him if suggested by a mixed metaphor or a limping verse.

Much of this Mr. Waugh has seen; but in detail he is not always quite fair to Johnson. Thus, he complains that, while Johnson censures the pastoralism of "Lycidas," he has nothing but praise for the machinery of "The Rape of the Lock."

"The fact is," says Mr. Waugh, "that the artificial environment of Pope's poem was in accordance with the fashion of Johnson's time, while that of Milton's was for the moment obsolete. Johnson's own system of common sense in criticism, had he been capable of applying it without prejudice, must have found even more to condemn in the 'Lock' than in 'Lycidas.' But he could not apply it without prejudice: he could not be altogether free from the contemporary standard, and so he slipped into inconsistency."

It is not difficult, I think, to vindicate Johnson's consistency. True, Arcadia had become a little unfashionable in literature at the end of the eighteenth century. But Johnson's objection to "Lycidas" is not entirely due to what Mr. Waugh oddly calls its "pastoral environment": he equally condemns the triteness and artificiality of its "long train of mythological imagery." Both the pastoralism and the mythology were, he rightly feels, to some extent out of place in a direct utterance of personal feeling. "The Rape of the Lock," however, stood on a different footing. The whole thing was avowedly conventional: it was a mock heroic poem in which the "machinery" of the epic had to be burlesqued as well as its other features. All that Dr. Johnson claims is that the machinery introduced by Pope is novel, well-contrived, and entertaining; which it certainly is. If Pope had brought sylphs and gnomes into the "Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady," Johnson would have been the first to condemn it.

Mr. Waugh's notes show that he has made use of recent sources of information, as well as the annotations of Peter Cunningham, Mrs. Napier, and other previous editors. Here and there, of course, a mistake may be noticed; and a few more annotations might have been advantageously added. Thus, Johnson's statement, into which he was misled by Edward Philips, that John Milton's mother was named Caston, should have been corrected. A note on the same page (p. 100) tells us that "Macaulay states that Christopher (the poet's brother) had leanings to the Roman Church," which, though no doubt true, is certainly misleading. One of the most frequently quoted passages in Evelyn's Diary is that in which he mentions that among the new judges was "Milton, a Papist (brother to that Milton who wrote for the regicides), who presum'd to take his place without passing the Test." (*Diary*, June 2, 1686.) Again a page or two later Mr. Waugh reproves Johnson for speaking of Alabaster's Latin tragedy "Roxana" as earlier than Milton's Latin elegies. It is true that "Roxana" was not published till 1632, as Cunningham mentions; but Mrs. Napier reminds us that it had been acted in Elizabeth's reign; and Mr. A. H. Bullen tells us that it must have been performed at Cambridge before 1592. Instead

of the useless note on p. 109, informing us that at Florence Milton heard Leonore Baroni sing, the judicious reader would have been glad of information about Selvaggi and Salsilli. Fenton, too, is not the original authority as to the charms of the daughter of Dr. Davis, whom Milton appears to have regarded with bigamous intentions at the time of the quarrel with his first wife. Fenton's statement is derived from Philip's Life of his uncle.

But, after all, these are small matters; and we have good reason to thank Mr. Waugh and his publishers for the most comely edition of the *Lives* that has appeared since Cunningham's. Five portraits without names, and apparently of doubtful authenticity, appear in the volume. Type and paper are alike excellent; and although its cloth binding is not entirely satisfactory, this is the less a disadvantage since the book well deserves the honour of calf or morocco.

FREDERICK RYLAND.

The Most Gorgeous Lady Blessington. By J. Fitzgerald Molloy. (Downey.)

THERE is every reason why this book should have been written; for, apart from the fact that the writer has been permitted to make use of "six volumes of letters in Mr. Morrison's possession, addressed by the leading men and women of the day to the Countess, or written by herself," no Life of the renowned beauty has been published since Mr. Madden's voluminous *Life and Correspondence*, in three very large volumes. There was every reason, I repeat, for producing a new Life of Lady Blessington in a compact and handy form, and no apology was necessary for such an undertaking. But when one glances through the older biography, and sees how enormously Mr. Molloy must have been aided by it in his labours, I must confess it does seem to savour of ingratitude for him to say, as he does most deliberately, "No luminous biography of Lady Blessington has ever been written."

In his modest preface Mr. Madden told his readers

"an intimate acquaintance and interrupted friendship with the late Countess of Blessington during a period of twenty-seven years, and the advantages of possessing the entire confidence of that lady, are the circumstances which induced the friends of Lady Blessington to commit to me the task of editing an account of her literary life and correspondence."

While, then, Mr. Molloy's two charming volumes ought to find their place on the drawing-room tables of those to whom books are treasures, the older and more sombre volumes are not superseded, but still remain the authority for students of what we may call the Byronic period of English literature.

The father of Lady Blessington was a typical Irish squire of the last century: not as he is here misnamed, a "squireen," which is in Ireland a term of opprobrium usually associated with an upstart or a middle-man, but never applied to a country gentleman, as, by position at least, Edmond Power undoubtedly was. He was one of the hard-drinking, reckless, extravagant men of his time,

"whose love of display drifted him into debt and difficulties.

"Tall, straight-built and handsome, florid of face, peremptory of speech, he dressed in leather breeches and top boots, wore white cravats, frills, ruffles, and top seals, which costume helped to give him a showy and impressive appearance and to gain for him among his fellow squires the names of 'Beau Power' and 'Shiver the Frills.'"

Her mother was of too weak a character to influence her husband for good: she had probably so grown up with the manly vices of her time as not to recognise their existence. She was "too much absorbed," we are told, "in the glories of 'me ancestors the Desmonds' to enter into the inner lives of her children, of whom (*sic*) she bore six."

The folly and recklessness of Power soon came to its natural ending:

"His property, which at one time had brought him fifteen hundred a year, became, through neglect and increasing debt, of less and less value. But so long as he could have dogs and hunters, and enjoy wine and revelry, the world went well with him, and he was content to put off till to-morrow such unpleasant considerations as tradesmen's bills and obtruding (*sic*) bailiffs."

When the inevitable day of reckoning did come, and nearly all the property had to be sold, poor "Shiver the Frills," for the first time, must of necessity soil his aristocratic fingers with business. Surely "me ancestors the Desmonds" must have turned in their graves and groaned.

It is an unpleasant picture we are afterwards shown of Power, with whom the times, as we say in Ireland, "were going hard." Various methods of making money had been tried, with bad results; and, as the man's income became lower his vices sank also to a lower level. From the handsome, open-handed sporting squire, with a fine, gentlemanly taste for generous wine, he soon became a sordid drunkard:

"He treated his wife with brutality, and became the terror of the home, where he delighted to display his tyrrany. . . . Terror-stricken by his fury, his cruelty, and his drunken oaths, his children fled from his approach."

Equally sordid is the scene of the future Lady Blessington, standing in her father's shabby dining-room, in an atmosphere heavy with the smell of roast meat and whisky, when the order was given that she should marry Captain Farmer, for whom she had an instinctive dread—an instinct afterwards justified by events, for the man became a lunatic. The young wife of sixteen, who was "between the devil and the deep sea"—an insane husband and a brutal father—put herself under the protection of a Captain Jenkins, from whom she was transferred to Lord Blessington, who, on the most opportune death of Farmer, made her his wife. And, as Mr. Molloy relates with admirable *naïveté*,

"no sooner had she parted from Captain Jenkins than Lord Blessington sent him a cheque for £10,000, the presumed value of the jewels and apparel given by Jenkins to Margaret Farmer."

From poverty, with all its petty shifts and miseries, the scene is now changed to one of the most dazzling wealth, and if any inherited vices linger around the most gorgeous lady, they are so daintily gilded that we must call them by some other name.

The most repulsive actions of Lady Blessington's life were the arranged marriage of her poor little step-daughter with Count D'Orsay, and of her subsequent friendship with the French count, whom Byron described as having all the air of a *cupidon déchainé*. Our biographer is at pains to tell us, again and again, how thoroughly innocent was the friendship between the most gorgeous lady and the most captivating count; and heaven forbid that any one to-day should follow the scandal-mongers who thought otherwise. But, apart from the question of graver guilt, was not the marriage of this young girl—this child of sixteen to the man-of-the-world, *blasé*, selfish, and sensual—in itself quite vile enough. The girl was hurried into a contract, the nature of which she was ignorant of. Why did the man marry her? What could he have seen in this bread-and-butter miss? We are told of the interview between Miss Power and her drunken father in a room heavy with the odour of whisky and hot meat, and of her subsequent interview with her weak mother, to whom she had flown in vain for sympathy—that mother and father had, at least, the excuse of poverty, that weak mother could not have helped her daughter. But Lord Blessington and his most gorgeous lady had no such excuse, and Lady Blessington could have prevented the marriage—if she would. On the whole, I am inclined to think that a vile action is none the less vile because the air is redolent with the scent of vervain and roses.

It is interesting to reflect that, if Lady Blessington had not taken to literature, she might have succeeded well as a matrimonial agent. She arranged a marriage between her sister and a French nobleman twice her age. Either party was deceived into thinking that the other had wealth, and they finally parted.

It is in the after period of Lady Blessington's life that her better nature seems to assert itself. She then devoted the energies of her mind to the calm pursuits of literature, lived down much of the prejudice which existed against her, and gathered around her the most illustrious men of her time. We have here published "for the first time," as we are told, "letters which Disraeli, Dickens, Landor, Barry Cornwall, Marryat, Macready, Lord Lytton, and others addressed to her." The inclusion of these letters alone make the work a useful addition to any library; but, I may remark, in passing, that an index would have made it still more valuable.

A number of racy anecdotes are collected together. Disraeli figures in Lady Blessington's *salons*, of all others the most interesting figure. Some of the descriptions are excellent—as, for example, in the chapter which introduces young Disraeli:

"A curious figure that derided sobriety, he looked half contemptuously, half amusedly, and with some curiosity at the life around him. Fluent, his words seemed to conceal his thoughts; vivacious, it appeared impossible to penetrate him."

And how great he was for all his fopperies, which, unlike those of poor Byron, were mere externals. And, stranger still, in sober, conservative English society, where aberrations of morals and of intellect are far more tolerated than eccentricities of dress, this young Hebrew could enter a drawing-room, arrayed in "a scarlet waistcoat, long laced ruffles falling down to the tips of his fingers, white gloves with several brillant rings outside them, and long black ringlets rippling upon his shoulders."

Count D'Orsay was an admired member in the circle. Thank heaven, not admired by all! Mrs. Newton Crosland, whom he once took into dinner, remarked that his hands, "large, white, and apparently soft, 'had not the physiognomy which pleases the critical observer and student of hands' for they indicated self-indulgence." He struck her moreover as being "mannish rather than manly, and yet with a touch of effeminacy quite different from that woman-like tenderness which adds to the excellence of man." Thackeray met the splendid humbug in 1850, and describes him as

"living in a charming *atelier*, which he has fitted up for himself with arms and trophies, pictures and looking-glasses, the tomb of Blessington, the sword and star of Napoleon, and a crucifix over his bed. And here he dwells," writes the cynic, "without any doubts or remorses, admiring himself in the most horrible pictures which he has painted, and statues which he gets done for him."

The Count had received within twelve months of his marriage a sum of twenty thousand pounds, while Lord Blessington arranged that after his decease a similar sum should be settled upon him for life. So generous a dower—a genuine *pretium puellae* as it was—might have made him kindly disposed towards his child-wife, who, three years after her marriage, when she had reached the age of nineteen, grew to be a remarkably handsome woman. Not for her was the "brilliant wit" and "wonderful fascination" which made D'Orsay the pet of society. That was reserved for others.

"Instead of being the wife of her husband, and the mistress of her home, she found herself a supernumerary in a circle with which she had no sympathy. Disagreements followed, rebellion set in; and in the autumn of 1831 she and Count D'Orsay separated by mutual consent."

Afterwards she repeated the early portion of her stepmother's married life, upon a far grander scale (*vires acquirit eundo*), by gaining the friendship and "fostering kindness" of the Duc d'Orléans, prince royal of France, and son of Louis Philippe.

An amusing sketch is given of the latter days of Mme. Guiccioli, the friend of Byron. Her husband having died, in 1840, she had waited for some one to wed her, and finally succeeded in capturing an ancient nobleman, the Marquis de Boissy, who was a collector of curios and rare editions. To him the fact of his wife having had a *liaison* with a great poet made her as valuable as a rare copy of some old book, or an antique vase with a flaw or two. He was wont to introduce her to his friends as "Madame la Marquise de Boissy ma femme, ci-devant maitresse de Lord Byron." It is not hard to imagine the dear old creature rubbing his hands as he said this, and after a little while taking his guest by the arm, with, "And now, *mon ami*, you must permit me to show you *ma Breechesse Bible!*"

What a gay world it was. How it would afford material for nice reflections in a sequel to "Little Arthur's History of England"—if there be any "Little Arthurs" nowadays, which is extremely doubtful? It would be so easy to tell how very different the ways of society have grown—how little the D'Orsays are tolerated: how they are estimated at their real worth, and not for fine clothes, and a superficial polish, and a smart repartee, and suave mannerisms. But this is verging very closely on cynicism, a quality quite intolerable in a reviewer.

GEORGE NEWCOMEN.

Studies in Economics. By William Smart, Lecturer in Political Economy in the University of Glasgow. (Macmillans.)

THIS book deserves to be mentioned as far superior to the general run of the works dealing with economic and social problems which are so numerous at present. Mr. Smart's qualifications are well stated in his preface:

"My credentials for writing on wages, currency, and consumption are that these are subjects which I may claim to have looked at from more than one side. My apprenticeship to industry, as an employer of labour, brought me in close contact with questions of wages and prices; and during these years I was fortunate enough to fall under the influence, personal and literary, of Mr. Ruskin, by whom my thoughts were turned to the questions of wealth and its consumption, and to the gospel of work which he had learned from Carlyle. But my pleasant task of late years, in presenting to English readers the work of the Austrian school, has made me entirely a convert to its fundamental doctrine, that the theory of value is the beginning of economic science, and compelled me to revise all my conclusions in the searching light of that theory."

The author's treatment of his topics shows considerable originality and breadth of view. Some might object that he introduces considerations which are extraneous to an economic treatise, but his answer is that social problems cannot be solved by looking merely at the economic aspects of the subject. His general impartiality of tone and his desire to put both sides of the case fairly before his readers is well illustrated in the following passage:

"The Socialists would assert that, if production were regulated and directed to the sole end of raising the general level of wealth and comfort, and if the making and, consequently, the consumption of foolish and wasteful forms of wealth were stopped, the increase of wealth per head would be so great that every family of five would have within its reach every luxury reasonable for health and culture. On the other hand, the Individualist would assert that the introduction of a regulated, uncompetitive system would so take away the motive to hard work, so disorganise the fine web of industrial organisation, and so frighten away capital to other countries, that the level all over would be indefinitely below the wealth now represented by the incomes named."

Some may possibly find a little difficulty in grasping what precisely is the theory of value which Mr. Smart regards as the foundation of his reasonings, and, indeed, he himself admits that the subject is somewhat abstruse. His position is stated in the following terms:

"The thesis I intend to put forward is, that on the principles laid down, at any given time, primitive or otherwise, the factors of production have a certain value. This value is given and measured by their total product, the national dividend. This value they may in certain circumstances transfer to particular products; it is the 'cost price' of the factors of production. Thus and thus alone, cost of production determines value."

This may not seem perfectly clear to all, though the author does his best to make it more comprehensible by practical illustrations. The conclusions he draws from these principles are, in the first place, that

"Cost is a true irreducible minimum. If the labourer can find what his cost is—and the world of competition is always tending to give him that information—he has the best possible right to see that his labour is never employed at anything under the figures of price in which this cost is expressed."

Mr. Smart further contends:

"That the share which labour gets under modern circumstances is rightly conceived a double share. It is the larger share of a larger loaf, and that not in virtue of strength, but in virtue of purely economic causes."

It might appear, then, that our author must be ranked among the supporters of the view that unrestricted competition is a blessing to the labourer, and that all restraints on it are to be condemned; and, indeed, he goes on to describe all trades union restrictions as economically indefensible. He admits, however, that they may be defended on other grounds:

"For instance, if it is the case that enthusiasm for a large product and large wage tends to make people work long hours, and under insanitary conditions, although this may increase the loaf of product, it yet saps the life of those who are to live off the loaf, and so is a short-sighted policy."

The special application of this position to the question of the labour of women and children is well illustrated.

Mr. Smart is evidently an advocate of bi-metallism; but it cannot be said that he has brought forward any very forcible arguments on its behalf. His chapter on the subject is the briefest and by no means the most satisfactory section of the book.

Both Socialists and anti-Socialists will appeal to the different portions of Mr. Smart's pages as corroborating their conclusions, from which it may be judged that he has endeavoured with some success to hold the scales even, and to abstain from hasty dogmatism on one side or other of this momentous controversy. If the latter may quote the passages already referred to on the benefits of competition, the former may with equal justice bring forward passages in the two final chapters on "The Socialising of Consumption" and "The Place of Industry in the Social Organism," as bearing out many of their contentions.

Our author makes it quite clear that he is not one of those who believe in the

perfect wisdom of the doctrine of *laisser faire*, and the following weighty and measured review of the results of its practical working deserves to be carefully studied:

"Our century's experiment of leaving industry to rectify its own abuses cannot be called a success. It has ended in putting very effectually out of sight the right and due of *every* man, as a spiritual being, to get the utmost assistance from his fellows in securing him a rational, happy, developing, free life. It has raised a few people to a habitual standard of leisure and luxury, which they find so good and enjoyable that they will fight to retain it. It has made the richer classes accept seriously the ridiculous position of thinking themselves the favoured of heaven and believing that Christ's statement, 'the poor ye have always with you,' is a warrant for keeping them poor, or, at least for telling them that Providence is responsible for their poverty. Nay, it has so stripped the working classes of thought and aspiration, that as a whole they accept the present state of things for the most part in apathy, though not without sullen mutterings."

Mr. Smart may not be so sanguine as some social reformers as to the possibilities of the immediate future, but on a wider forecast, he is a decided optimist:

"Whatever the present may be, it is clear to the economist that the future holds unimaginable wealth in its command. The environment is friendly. The economic sphere will not always be truthfully represented as a struggle of labour against nature, or a calculus of pleasure and pain."

He does not even shrink from maintaining a position which is often regarded as the height of Socialist extravagance:

"The abolition of poverty is now within our reach if we, as a society, are really bent on its abolition. The resources of the nation in capital, invention, and labour are now so great that the one want of the time is organisation, so that there shall be no misdirection of production, no waste in consumption, no friction from currency. That there should be unemployed men in Great Britain arises from the same cause as brings about those frightful crises and this universal uncertainty—that we have not brought consumer and producer to understand each other and work into each other's hands, and that the best brains of the nation have not yet been turned to organising its industry."

R. SEYMOUR LONG.

NEW NOVELS.

A Mine of Wealth. By Esmè Stuart. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

The Master of Trenance. By T. W. Speight. In 3 vols. (Chatto & Windus).

To Step Aside is Human. By Alan St. Aubyn. (White)

Heart of the World. By H. Rider Haggard. (Longmans.)

Juanita Carrington. By Mrs. Jocelyn. (Digby, Long & Co)

Silvio Bartholi, Painter. By Emma Bentley. (Fisher Unwin.)

The Judge of the Four Corners. By G. B. Burgin. (Innes.)

Margaret Grainger. By Annie S. Swan. (Hutchinson.)

My Dear Grenadier. By S. B. Reid. (Macqueen.)

WITHOUT possessing any absorbing interest, *A Mine of Wealth* is carefully written, and contains several well-drawn characters. The central figures are a strong-minded and somewhat unscrupulous widow, Mrs. Beddoes, whose temper has been severely tried by a disappointment in early life; and her daughter Sara, who, at the opening of the story, becomes heiress to an unexpected fortune, not at all to the satisfaction of Mrs. Beddoes, who is furious at having been passed over by the testator. There is not much colour in Sara's character, who is little except an affectionate daughter and devoted *fiancée* under rather trying circumstances. The author's most successful portrait is undoubtedly the widow. More than twenty years before the date of the story she had been engaged to the young Lord Stretton, a weak-minded youth, who is persuaded by his mother to break off the engagement and retrieve the impoverished fortunes of the family by marrying a wealthy heiress. The discarded object of his affections marries Mr. Beddoes in a fit of pique; and now, when nearly a quarter of a century has elapsed, and two ill-assorted unions have been terminated by a death on either side, the widower and the widow are again free to renew the intimacy of their youth. Great skill is shown by the writer in developing this part of the narrative. Among the minor characters, Jethro Cobbin, guardian of Sara Beddoes, and George Lumb, an astute and taciturn butler, deserve honourable mention.

The Master of Trenance is described on the title-page as "a mid-century romance," the date being put back nearly fifty years from the present time in order, apparently, to allow the delineation of certain details, essential to the story, of a public execution. A good many features of the old-fashioned "romance" are discernible throughout. The proverbial wicked baronet is represented by Mr. Arthur Vipond, Master of Trenance—a Cornish estate, of course—who attempts, often successfully, to seduce the maidens of the neighbourhood, and brutally ill-treats his wife. There is a Meg Merrilies in the shape of Moyra Tremewan, a witch-woman with the secrets of half the countryside in her possession; and a number of minor villains who help to keep the excitement at concert pitch. It will be inferred from what has been said that this is essentially a novel of incident and action; at the same time it is very far removed from the level of the cheap novelette style of fiction. Bel Jansen and her sister Grace, daughters of old Stephen Jansen of Starving Rock, an islet off the coast, are capitally drawn characters; and the combination of circumstances by which a totally innocent man—though a thorough-paced scoundrel in other respects—is condemned to death and executed is, if painful reading, a highly powerful piece of description. The book may fairly be recommended to all lovers of the sensational.

Bryon once wrote of poets "whose annual strains, like armies, take the field." Some of our present-day novel writers deserve the compliment of being far more industrious than this: their productions appear in full bloom at nothing longer than quarterly intervals—in some cases the periods are even shorter. Alan St. Aubyn appears to possess a fecundity almost inexhaustible in the production of fictitious narrative, and one has scarcely had time to read and review the last of her novels before a further addition to the family appears upon the scene. To the credit of the author, it must be admitted that the latest—we speak under reserve, in fear of error—product of her prolific imagination, *To Step Aside is Human*, not only betrays no marks of haste in its composition, but is entitled to a good deal of commendation in several respects. The shallow, invertebrate young doctor, Dick Lampen, is a character familiar to readers of this author's books, though more often associated with a black coat and white tie. But Bel Lampen, the American girl, who marries for his money a young Englishman, a hopeless invalid, and after his death falls desperately in love, and nearly succeeds in marrying his cousin Geoffrey, the heir to the estate, is an amazing success in point of descriptive effect. Without touching any high artistic level, the book is easily and pleasantly written throughout, as, indeed, most of this author's later productions have been; and it is difficult to understand why her title-page should still continue to perpetuate the memory of that crude and absurd production, *A Fellow of Trinity*.

Mr. Rider Haggard has again treated us to one of his tales of weird mystery and marvellous adventure. That his new book, *Heart of the World*, a tale of the American Indians, will find plenty of eager readers there need be no doubt, just as little as it can be doubted that he possesses marvellously graphic power and first-rate abilities for the particular class of fiction in which he figures so prominently. But to give his story unqualified praise is another matter. His "Heart of the World" is a fabulous Golden City, situated upon an island, the surface of which is below the level of the waters of the surrounding lake at certain seasons of the year, and which is only prevented, therefore, from being entirely submerged by a colossal system of dams and breakwaters. Here was maintained in all its purity the primeval faith of the aboriginal Indians, together with all their chronicled traditions and hoarded treasures; and here it was that adventures of an astonishing kind befel an Englishman, James Strickland, Maya, his wife and Lady of the Sacred Heart, and Don Ignatio, last of the ancient Indians, whose narrative forms the substance of the tale. Of mere thrilling incident there is enough from beginning to end, but it is difficult to find much other praise for the book; and it seems a pity that the author with his great gifts should be content to write down to the level of the schoolboy.

It is the fault of sporting novels that they are apt to carry the atmosphere of the stable about them in too pronounced a manner to please the taste of critics and fastidious readers. It is a pleasure, therefore, to be able to record the fact that in *Juanita Carrington*, a novel named after the young lady

who takes the leading part, Mrs. Jocelyn has contrived to steer clear of all of this; and, though there is plenty of cross-country riding here and there, we are not bored to death with it. The author has devoted herself with much success to a real, downright love-making story of thoroughly satisfactory pattern. Juanita, a girl of seventeen, who has been adopted by her uncle and aunt, Sir Henry and Lady Carrington, ought, in the nature of things, to marry Dick Waldgrave, son and heir of the owner of the adjoining estate, and the expectant possessor of enormous wealth. Instead of this, she prefers to lose her heart to Lord Vanders, an impecunious society man, shady in regard to reputation, but the straightest of riders, the deadliest of shots, and everything else which could go to win the admiration of a country-bred girl. How the love flame is quenched by a widowed duchess, who has long marked Lord Vanders for her own, is excellently told; and the novel, which is full of clever society sketches, should be regarded by the general public as greatly superior to *A Dangerous Brute*, its immediate predecessor.

Of *Silvio Bartholi, Painter*, there is no word of disparagement to be said. It is a simple love-story, filled with pathetic touches of human weakness, and the silent agony of a disappointed heart; but the surroundings, replete with local colour, lend an interest and variety to the narrative which might be lacking to incidents occurring nearer home. The scene of the story is in the Italian town of Siena, the gorgeous solemnities of the Catholic ritual are set forth with devout appreciation, and the figure of the aged painter is depicted with genuine artistic skill. The faults and follies of the young painter Luigi, the simplicity of Margherita, his young wife, and the heroism of Vera, Silvio's daughter, furnish a fund of affectionate interest for readers.

The Judge of the Four Corners is an American book, and, therefore, can only be safely recommended to those readers who relish Transatlantic modes of thought and expression. The story is mainly concerned with a married couple, who fall out with one another and part, to meet again after twenty years, when the husband, who has all the time been as loyal at heart to his wife as she has to him, ventures to revisit his wife, and, finding that she does not recognise him, proceeds to make love to her, with partial success, but only because, as she afterwards explains, every tone of voice and motion of body reminds her so exactly of the lost husband for whom she is pining. The conception is a pretty and original one, and the book is in other respects written with a good deal of power.

The author of *Margaret Grainger* has for several years past been known to the world as the writer of books bringing specially under notice the claims of women to be allowed the exercise of certain functions associated traditionally with the male sex, and the male sex only. We can scarcely do less than give her our cordial encouragement in this object. The book under review needs, however, no such encouragement. It is concerned solely with the reminiscences of a schoolmistress, and the business of a schoolmistress has from all time been considered appropriate to women. The narrative is merely anecdotical, recalling past experiences with pupils of very different character. It is told in exquisite taste, and the insight given into the lives of the various children Margaret Grainger has had under her care cannot fail to prove pleasant reading.

People who do not mind homely, gossiping narrative will like *My Dear Grenadier*, which concerns a household of seven boys, of various ages, and one girl, who writes the narrative. The "grenadier" is a girl friend standing six-feet-one in her stockings, with marvellous personal attractions, who fairly carries away the hearts of the elder portion of the seven brothers. Patricia Gore-Hatherton, their sister, is also devoted to the grenadier, Beatrice Damer; and her discovery that the latter is betrothed to Lord Edward Chandos, with whom she herself has fallen in love, leads up to a course of considerable heroism on her part. Ultimately she has her reward.

John Barrow Allen.

BOOKS OF VERSE.

Ann Morgan's Love. By Arthur Munby. (Reeves & Turner.) Ann was brown and beautiful. For several years she had attended to all the household wants of her young master, polishing his furniture, cooking his cabbages, swirling mops in the little back yard, and using her muscles as only a labour-loving, country-bred maid can. Born to work, proud of work, restless without work, this hearty girl had no further ambition than to content the man who employed her; while he, for his part, gradually believed that true happiness was destined to arrive in his life through marriage with Ann Morgan, for he was in search of a woman owing all her graces to nothing but nature. Never mind accurate grammar, or smooth hands, or studied deportment borrowed from the boarding-school, or a doubtful skill in the management of ragged *arpeggios*. Very happy was the servant-girl when her master became her husband. She travelled a little, arrayed herself in plumes which she regarded as peacockian, and then prevailed on her lord to let her go back to such domestic offices as she had enjoyed before her marriage. It gave her no pleasure to rise above the station in which she was born; and she desired to cleave to her dialect, some of the peculiarities of which Mr. Munby presents to us in the following passage. Here is an excellent chance for American editors in search of a good subject for a prize competition. So many dollars for the individual who can translate the provincialisms into the best Broadway English:

"Her speech too—could she alter it at will?
'No,' said her husband, 'and you shall not try!'
For he derided grammar, and he loved
That folk-speech of the Marches, full of words
Vivid, expressive, picturesque; unknown
To southern ears, but old and accurate
As Chaucer's English; aye, and older far.
She was no gosterer, yet he knew full well
How she could snape a rodney, hiking him
Back to his work; and how with lusty arms
She bested other women, when agate
Keeving her barrer, thrutching at the coals;
And how, on Easter Tuesday, she would oss
To clip and heave her sweetheart up on high.
Ah, and he knew that she was never fause,
Nor fratchety, nor pizy; she was still
Herself, as peart and jannock as the best.
Therefore said he, 'You shall not change your note;
It is your own: these many hundred years
Your peasant fathers spoke as you speak now.
Why should you change? Your dialect, my wench,
Is part of England's history.' She laugh'd;
It seem'd so strange that anything she did
Should have to do with history!"

If our memory does not play us a trick, this is not the first time that Mr. Munby has described the progress of married love between a cottager's daughter and a gentleman's son. Whether or no he means a sermon to be preached through the medium of blank verse, employing the poetic muse to decorate a theory, there is no need for us to inquire too closely. If everything of a subversive sort were advanced as pleasantly as the idea of *Ann Morgan's Love* is brought forward by Mr. Munby, a very pretty mingling of the kid-glove and hobnail methods of criticism would result. For the way in which he has drawn the character of Ann the author deserves the thanks of thousands.

Late Lyrics. By T. B. Aldrich. (John Lane.) When in the greening woods and bright meadows such immortal poems as the cowslip and the cuckoo's song can be gathered by the hand and by the ear, it is more than a little difficult to repress a desire for roaming, and to stay indoors with a parcel of books. Search as we may for an elegant compliment, we do not know that we can discover a better one for Mr. Aldrich than an acknowledgment of the content created in us by his small volume of beautiful brevities. At the moment when we took up *Later Lyrics*, we felt vastly inclined to go and read from the summit of a hill the great green pages of Nature's composition; but after a quarter of an hour spent in Mr. Aldrich's company we became more placid, tempted to endure four walls by such lines as these:

"A TOUCH OF NATURE.

"When first the crocus thrusts its point of gold
Up through the still snow-drifted garden mould,
And folded green things in dim woods unclose
Their crinkled spears, a sudden tremor goes
Into my veins and makes me kith and kin
To every wild-born thing that thrills and blows.
Sitting beside this crumbling sea-coal fire,
Here in the city's ceaseless roar and din,
Far from the brambly paths I used to know,
Far from the rustling brooks that slip and shine
Where the Neponset alders take their glow,
I share the tremulous sense of bud and briar
And inarticulate ardours of the vine."

There are good reasons why a certain Biblical reproach should be levelled against men and women to-day. Folks who have eyes, yet see not, still abound. There are people who notice millions of celandines, and yet never discover in what particulars this flower differs from a buttercup; just as there are people who, after watching trees break into bud every year, call early chestnuts sycamores and sycamores chestnuts. Eyes have they, and see not. But Mr. Aldrich is not careless of the talent of sight. He has a keen glance for the common and the least, and bends as a worshipper to the obscure creations, finding joy resident in them and passing her on to his less observant brethren in the shape of tuneful lyrics. Let us hope that they receive his gifts with a feeling of gratitude. It will not surprise a single reader to hear that Mr. Aldrich occasionally marches from excellence in the direction of mediocrity; but as his virtues so markedly outnumber his vices, we may depart from him with no examples of jealous scrutiny.

Christ in Hades. By Stephen Phillips. (Elkin Mathews.) Wandering in search of poets with a shilling's worth of song for sale, Mr. Elkin Mathews will certainly travel a con-

siderable distance before he finds a singer to supply him with a better bundle of poems than that delivered into his charge by Mr. Stephen Phillips. Upon every page of this tiny volume it is easy to discover proof of the advance made by the author in the art of metrical composition. Although we have been literally pelted by adventurous versifiers since the day when Mr. Phillips sent us his first-fruits in the shape of a small book entitled *Eremus*, we remember enough of it to be sure that in *Christ in Hades* the touch of the artist is freer and more valiant. Notable, too, is the increase in the number of arresting lines. But most marked of all is the growth of ease in the author's style. Mr. Phillips can now write blank verse, which is, if we may so express ourselves, more *bendable*, and, therefore, far richer in music. If nine out of every ten reviewers do not hasten to describe the title-poem of this garland as a piece both dignified and admirable, we shall be surprised. If, on the other hand, nine out of ten critics hold views contrary to our own, we shall take the liberty of retiring into our native obstinacy, so firmly are we convinced that our swan is not a goose. Mr. Phillips follows his important achievement with a handful of lyrics. Here is one displaying a welcome freshness of treatment. The third stanza is, in our opinion, *de trop*:

"O to recall!
What to recall?
All the roses under snow?
Not these.
Stars that toward the water go?
Not these.

"O to recall!
What to recall?
All the greenness after rain?
Not this.
Joy that gleameth after pain?
Not this.

"O to recall!
What to recall?
Not the greenness nor delight?
Not these.
Not the roses out of sight?
Not these.

"O to recall!
What to recall?
Not the star in waters red,
Not this;
Laughter of a girl that's dead,
O this!"

As a rule, the modern minor poet charges five shillings (net) for from eighty to a hundred pages. Mr. Phillips supplies thirty-two for a fifth of the sum, so lovers of a good bargain should not let such an opportunity slip.

Random Rhymes. By Sam Wood. (Barnsley: W. R. Massie.) It is very pleasant to be reminded once more how little the poetic muse deserves to be called a toady. She leaves to men and women all fawning and flattering pursuits; she regards the peer and the peasant with the same frank friendliness; and though willing enough to walk on Persian carpets, she is equally happy to hear her own footfall on the red-tiled floors of cottages. Tailor-made women may shrink from the slums as from places accursed; but the muse is not so nice. With the utmost heartiness, a song on her lips, and speed in her willing feet, she will enter to bless the dingiest abodes, however shrilly the elect of wealth and position may whistle her to return. One of her more recent friends is Mr. Sam Wood, a singer hailing from Barnsley, whose career contains many points of interest. We understand that, when Mr. Wood was a mere lad, he used to labour in a coal-pit; at the age of twenty he could not write his own name; and now, being still a young man, we find him driving two such opposite trades as those of poet and boiler-maker. If only he be as proficient in the manufacture of these domestic monsters as he is in the fashioning of wholesome and musical verses, he is sure of a double success. We do not profess to be good judges of nuts which grow in workshops, and what we know about steel filings is not worth learning; but we can be trusted to speak a warm word when boiler-makers send us such pleasing strains as the following. The poem is called "To the First Celandine":

"Ere the sweet thrush attuned its speckled throat,
Or ere the blackbird's thrilling song was heard,
My eager glance thy golden petals caught,
And I was strangely stirred.

"The buds upon the thorn were scarcely seen,
Nor had the fluttering lark essayed to sing,
When thou appeared'st amid the quickening green,
A solitary thing.

"Lured into bloom by one brief sunny day,
Thy fleeting life, alas! must soon be o'er;
But 'tis thy honoured lot to lead the way
For countless millions more.

"Thou art the herald of a lovely race;
But though 'tis thine to die ere storms are stilled,
Thou mayest depart contented from thy place,
Thy mission all fulfilled.

"Thou canst not live to see the spring unfold;
Nor view the glory of a vernal day;
Thou canst not linger, blooming, to behold
The crowning wealth of May.

"Yet thine is but the lot of such as lead
Onward to glorious periods, alone,
Of such as in the battle fight and bleed,
And die at victory's dawn."

Mr. Wood displays his best powers when he sings of birds and grasses and such silvery vagabonds as streams. He is by no means infelicitous in his treatment of roundels and villanelles, though, for the most part, he lacks that exquisite delicacy of touch which alone redeems these flimsicalties (if we may be allowed to coin a word) from the charge of triviality. These pieces of arbitrary rhyming suggest the greenhouse. We prefer English blossoms that grow with valiance out in the open, and these we advise Mr. Wood to cultivate with assiduity.

Poems. By Ernest McGaffey. (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.) Although we are really and truly grateful to the author of *Poems* for a considerable number of beautiful verses, we cannot help regretting keenly that he did not allow one or two of his candid friends to make for him a representative selection from his somewhat prodigal output. *Poems* is far too long. No one boasting the possession of a pennyweight of discernment will fail to observe scores of verses which by their departure would add value to the volume. When confronted by these and Mr. McGaffey's numerous examples of fine workmanship, all lumped together higgledy-piggledy, we cannot refrain from being irritated by the dominance of indiscriminating fecundity. There are enough finished and fragrant poems between these covers to make up a small volume of peculiar charm, while scattered lines, couplets, whole verses of true worth, positively abound. For example:

"The song that leaped from the lips of sirens
Dies away in an old sea-shell."

And here is a complete poem, which makes us feel as if we were in the very place listening to the bird. But why will the Americans christen their songsters so unmercifully?

"THE CATBIRD'S WHISTLE."

"An old bridge stood with dust thick strewn,
Where through a crooked country lane
A brook flowed down, and out again
Slow gurgling past with quiet croon;
While sunshine kissed the cool grey stones
And chequered every leaf and spray,
And shallows sang, in feeble tones,
Where pebbles in mosaic lay.

"And softly, from the deepest shade,
A catbird's whistle low and clear
Crept out as though the sound was made
For only Nature's listening ear;
Like dripping water falling slow
Round mossy rocks in music rare,
So, mellowed by the summer glow
The catbird's whistle echoed there.

"Far up along the short green sward
The white sheep nibbled at the grass,
And lightly, as the winds did pass
Would come the catbird's minor chord—
A call that made all others mute,
Soft thrilling thro' the drowsy air;
As some lost note from Orpheus' lute
So came the catbird's whistle there."

We must not close this brief notice without adding a word of thanks for the excellent way in which the printers and publishers have treated *Poems*.

NORMAN GALE.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE are asked to state that the preparation of the New English Dictionary is being continued, statements to the contrary notwithstanding, on the lines originally laid down by the delegates of the Clarendon Press.

FROM the list of Birthday Honours we may extract the following: Prof. Max Müller, to be sworn a member of the Privy Council; Dr. J. G. Fitch (formerly of the Education Department) and Dr. P. le Page Renouf (late keeper of Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities at the British Museum) to be knighted; Mr. Clement R. Markham (president of the Royal Geographical Society) to be K.C.B.; and Mr. David Gill (Astronomer Royal at the Cape) to be C.B.

MR. SWINBURNE'S new poem will be published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus next Thursday. It is described as being Malory's story of Balen, told in a somewhat elaborate rhymed measure, but with great closeness to the original.

THE project of publishing an index to the third series of *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates*, from 1830 to 1891—of which mention has before been made in the ACADEMY—is now advanced by a further stage. Messrs. P. S. King & Son, of Westminster, have engaged Miss Nancy Bailey, an expert in the subject, to compile the work, which is already well on its way in MS.; but it will not be put into print unless a sufficient number of subscribers come forward. The price is ten guineas for four thick volumes, uniform in size with the *Debates*. Adopting a suggestion made by Mr. Gladstone, it is intended to include in the index of subjects the historical declarations of statesmen—such as Lord Derby's "leap in the dark," John Bright's similes of "the Scotch terrier" and "the cave of Adullam," Sir James Graham's "Jack Cade legislation," and Disraeli's attack on Sir Robert Peel's Government as "an organised hypocrisy."

THE Cambridge University Press will publish immediately an edition of Suetonius, with historical introduction, commentary, appendices, &c., by Mr. Evelyn S. Shuckburgh, of Emmanuel College.

MR. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, Q.C., is about to publish through Messrs. Macmillan & Co. the popular lectures on the duties and liabilities of trustees which he recently delivered in the Inner Temple. His object is to bring out in bold relief the plain duties and equally plain liabilities of express trustees, in such a manner as to engage the attention alike of the student of our law and of the many people who though not lawyers are yet trustees.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON & Co. have nearly ready for publication an English translation of

Herr Wilhelm Bousset's *Der Antichrist*, which was reviewed by Mr. F. C. Conybeare in the Academy of October 19, 1895. The translator is Prof. A. H. Keane, author of the *Ethnology* recently issued in the "Cambridge Geographical Series." He has added explanatory and other notes, besides contributing a prologue on the Babylonian dragon myth.

Messrs. Longmans & Co. have now in the press the first three volumes of "Harvard Historical Studies," which is to comprise works of original research selected from the writings of teachers and graduate students in the department of history and government in Harvard University, and also collections of documents, bibliographies, reprints of rare tracts, &c. The monographs will appear at irregular intervals, but it is hoped that at least three will be published annually. The first three volumes will be: *The Suppression of the African Slave Trade to the United States of America*, 1638-1870, by Dr. W. E. B. du Bois, professor in Wilberforce University; *The Contest Over the Ratification of the Federal Constitution in Massachusetts*, by S. B. Harding, assistant professor of history in Indiana University; and *A Critical Study of Nullification in South Carolina*, by D. F. Houston, professor of political economy in the University of Texas.

Mr. T. Fisher Unwin will publish immediately a new story by Mrs. Alexander, entitled *A Winning Hazard*.

Mr. John Lane has nearly ready for publication an angler's anthology, by Mr. John Buchan, to be entitled *Musa Piscatrix*, with six etched illustrations by Mr. E. Philip Pimlott.

The next volume of Mr. Elkin Mathew's "Shilling Garland" will be *Songs and Odes*, by Canon Dixon, selected by Mr. Robert Bridges.

With reference to a recent discussion in the Academy about *Aucassin and Nicolete*, we notice that Mr. Lang's version is priced at thirty dollars (£6) in the April catalogue of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons; and that a new translation is announced by Messrs. Copeland & Day, of Boston, the translator being Mr. M. S. Henry, with the passages in verse turned into English rhyme by Mr. E. W. Thompson.

A cheap edition of *In a Conning Tower*; or, How I took H.M.S. *Majestic* into Action, by Mr. H. O. Arnold Forster, is about to be issued at sixpence by Messrs. Cassell & Co., with the original illustrations by Mr. W. H. Overend, and a new preface by the author. This book has already passed through many editions in its more expensive form, and translations have appeared in French, Spanish, and Italian.

A cheap edition of Mr. Augustine Birrell's *Res Judicatae* will be published early in June by Mr. Elliot Stock, uniform with the re-issue of *Obiter Dicta*.

Messrs. Gardner, Darton & Co. have now in hand a second edition of the volume of Addresses on Christian Socialism, by the Hon. and Rev. James Adderley, entitled *Looking Upward*; also a second edition of *Work in Great Cities*, by A. F. Winnington Ingram, rector of Bethnal Green; and a fourth edition of Canon Hammond's *Church or Chapel*.

The June number of *Blackwood's Magazine* will contain an article on Cardinal Manning, bringing out the character of the ambitious and intriguing ecclesiastic, in contrast with the saintly and scholarly Newman.

Mr. Karl Blind will have an article in the June number of the *New Review*, on "The Duelling Craze," with personal recollections from his university days at Heidelberg and Bonn.

The Académie Française has divided the Prix Gobert, for history, as follows: 9000 francs (£360) to M. Hanotaux (the Minister for Foreign Affairs) for his *Cardinal Richelieu*; and 1000 francs (£40) to M. Ernest Daudet (brother of M. Alphonse Daudet) for his work on La Vendée.

On Monday of this week, Mr. George Petrie, F.S.A., a well-known bookseller of Dundee, was entertained at dinner by a number of friends, and presented with an address and a silver inkstand, on the occasion of his retiring from business. In a speech delivered by Mr. A. C. Lamb, author of *Dundee: Its Quaint and Historic Buildings*, an interesting history was given of former Dundee booksellers, including the father of Tom Hood and the founder of the firm of Mudie.

The evening discourse at the Royal Institution on Friday next will be delivered by Mr. Augustine Birrell, his subject being "John Wesley: Some Aspects of the Eighteenth Century."

Corrigenda.—In Mr. Whitley Stokes's letter on "Lord Crawford's Irish Medical MS.," in the Academy of May 16, 1896, p. 406, col. 2, l. 7, *for* an eighmi *read* aneighmi; p. 406, col. 3, l. 4, *for* a spice, *read* spices; p. 407, col. 1, l. 45, for *piscoga* read *piseoga*.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

Prof. F. Y. Edgeworth has been re-elected to the Drummond chair of political economy at Oxford, for a second term of five years.

The financial board at Cambridge have submitted a report to the senate, recommending the purchase by the university of two sites in the town—one adjoining the Cavendish Laboratory and the New Museums, for £12,000; the other, being two acres of the park of Downing College, for £15,000. Towards the purchase money the syndics of the Pitt Press are prepared to advance £10,000.

The full list of subscribers to the English lectureship fund at Cambridge, due to the enthusiastic importunity of Prof. Skeat, is published in the *University Reporter*. The total, up to Lady Day, is £1580, the interest on which will yield the required stipend of £50 for the two coming years. But a further capital sum of £150 is still needed, in order to make up this amount permanently. In the list of subscribers it is interesting to find the names of the late T. H. Huxley and the late Lord Leighton, as well as those of Lord Tennyson and Sir E. Burne-Jones.

In pursuance of a resolution passed at a meeting of representatives of colleges, held at Cambridge last March, dates have been fixed for the examinations for entrance scholarships during next year. Trinity and St. John's will each hold a separate examination in the first week of November. A fortnight later six colleges — Pembroke, Caius, King's, Jesus, Christ's and Emmanuel—combine for a joint examination, on which no less than forty-eight scholarships and exhibitions may be awarded. In December, Peterhouse and Sidney will combine; and, in the same week, Clare and Trinity Hall. We notice that five colleges offer scholarships in history; two in modern languages, and two in Hebrew; and one (John's) in Sanskrit, one (Downing) in law, and one (St. Catharine's) in theology.

At the examination for Part I. of the mathematical tripos, which began on Tuesday, there are only seventy-five candidates, as compared with 110 last year. The final list of wranglers, &c., will be published on June 16.

In connexion with the teachers' training syndicate at Cambridge, Prof. Foster Watson, of Aberystwith, was to deliver two lectures on Thursday and Friday of this week, on "The Teaching of English Literature and Composition"; while Mrs. Sophie Bryant, of the North London Collegiate School for Girls, will on Saturday next deliver a lecture on "Freedom and Order in School Discipline."

At a meeting of the Oxford Philological Society, to be held in Oriel common room on Friday next, Mr. A. C. Clark, of Queen's, will read a paper on "The Madrid MS. of Asconius and Valerius Flaccus, and a Paris MS. of the Letters to Atticus."

Mr. Edward F. Strange, sub-librarian to the National Art Library at South Kensington, will deliver a lecture in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford on Saturday next upon "Japanese Colour Prints."

The subject of the next dissertation for the Greek prize at Oxford, to be awarded in 1899, is "The Reciprocal Relations of Morals and Metaphysics."

In convocation at Oxford next Tuesday, it will be proposed that Clarendon Press books to the value of £100 be given to the free public library in the new municipal buildings at Oxford; and also that books to the value of £25 be given to the ten following free public libraries—Tottenham, Leyton, Poplar, Southwark, Oswestry, Rugby, Chesterfield, Lincoln, Colchester, and Smethwick.

The Hon. F. W. D. Smith has accepted the office of treasurer of King's College, London.

The council of Firth College, Sheffield, intend to appoint a professor of English language and literature for the session beginning next October. Candidates must send in their applications before June 10.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

SILENCE.

Be still: the crown of life is silentness.
Give thou a quiet hour to each long day.
Too much of time we spend in profitless
And foolish talk—too little do we say.

If thou wouldst gather words that shall avail,
Learning a wisdom worthy to express,
Leave for a while thy chat and empty tale—
Study the golden speech of silentness.

Arthur L. Salmon.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

In the May number of the *Antiquary* Mr. MacRitchie continues the interesting diary of his ancestor, the Rev. William MacRitchie, relating to his travels in England, which took place in 1795. The Scottish minister looked upon Liverpool as an "extensive and opulent town," but found most of the streets by no means wide, though there were a few "elegant squares." He speaks of the docks as "the greatest thing to be seen here, or perhaps anywhere else." He also paid a visit to Manchester, which does not seem to have impressed him so much as Liverpool. He saw the collegiate church, which he regarded as "a superb piece of Gothic architecture." It is curious to notice, as his editor points out, that he anticipated events by speaking of it as the Cathedral. Had a similar slip been made by a medieval chronicler, how it would have exercised the antiquaries of the present day? The Rev. A. G. B. Atkinson produces some entries from the record-books of St. Botolph-without-Aldgate. None of them are very important, but it is well that they should be preserved by means of the printing-press. It seems that in 1584 the rule that those who intended to receive

the Holy Communion should give notice to the curate had not become a dead letter; for that curate whose name was Robert Heaze, gave warning to all concerned that he required them to let him know of their intention the night before the sacrament was to be administered. The primary object may have been that he might know how much bread and wine to provide; but we apprehend that another motive was, that an accurate list of Protestant Nonconformists and Popish Recusants might be compiled for the use of the authorities. That these persons were not permitted to go their own way in peace is proved by an entry of the year 1589, where we read, under December the 11th, that "A court [was] kept in ower church by the Chancellor of London to reforme suche as had not receyved the Comunion for the Easter tyme." Mr. D. Alleyne Walter continues his paper on the old ornamental ironwork still existing in Dublin. The examples he gives, though not of a high degree of excellence, show far superior taste to much that is produced nowadays.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THREE UNPUBLISHED PICTISH INSCRIPTIONS.

Bodleian Library, Oxford: May 11, 1896.

The three following inscriptions were unknown to me until after my *Vernacular Inscriptions of the Ancient Kingdom of Alban* had been published. I was told of the first two by Lord Southesk, and of the third by Prof. Rhŷs. I describe them from large photographs.

The first two are on stones which are now at Doune Lodge, in the possession of Mr. A. Winter, whom I have to thank for much information respecting them. Doune Lodge is the Earl of Moray's seat, near the station of Doune, between Stirling and Callander. The name of the parish is Kilmadock—*i.e.*, Church of St. Madoc.

The first stone was found in the Annet burn (close to Doune Lodge), about two hundred yards above its junction with the Teith, and consequently close to the site of the old church of St. Madoc. It is a boundary-stone of two tenements belonging to that church, and lying one behind the other. One side has nothing cut on it. The inscription on the other would be expressed in our own alphabet as follows:

Y Y+
UCULIÆ
N

O TUIT
Y Y
AAIHTA

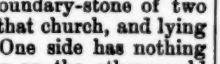
The cross at top means that the Church was owner. The two feathered arrows to its left are pointers showing the direction of the first tenement (compare the similar pointer on the Lunasting Stone). Then follows the name of the first occupier, *U Culiæn*—*i.e.*, grandson or descendant of Culian: the sculptor was unable to get the final letter into the line above. After a considerable space comes the name of the second occupier *O Tuit*—*i.e.*, grandson or descendant of Tot, followed by two more pointers, and the words *a aihta*, "his hearthside."

The following linguistic explanations may be offered. In ancient Irish we have both *o* and *u* as = "descendant," and here we seem to have them side by side, though it is just doubtful whether the O is not U. I have spoken of the names as those of the occupiers; but the Pictish practice was to call property by the name of its past or present occupier (as if we were to call a farm not *Johnson's* but *Johnson*), and I suspect that the *u* and *o* in *U Culiæn* and *O Tuit* are locatives: they are equally correct as such. *Culiæn* is a correct genitive of *Culian*, O.Ir. for "whelp" (see Stokes, *Urkelt. Sprachschatz*, p. 94). *Tot*, the ancestor of *O Tuit*, was doubtless an ecclesiastic named Fot ("cautious," "fearful," or "shy"), and as such had the honorific prefix *Tu*, *To*, or *Do* attached to his name. But that prefix aspirates a following consonant, so that the latter part of his name would begin with *Fh*, and *fh* is absolutely silent in Gaelic; moreover, before a vowel or *fh*, *tu*, *to*, *do* became simply *t* (see instances in Windisch). Consequently his name became *T'Fhot*, pronounced *Tot*, with gen. *T'Fhuit*, pronounced *Tuit*—and all Pictish inscriptions are written phonetically. That name is a good example of the difficulties of Old Gaelic etymology to a beginner. As for *a aihta*, it would be in modern Highland *a àite*, pronounced (at least in some parts) *a aihte*. *Aihta* is intermediate between the *ahta* of the Carden Moor ("Logie Elphinstone") Stone, and the *ehte* (= *aihte*) of the larger Conningsburgh fragment.

The writing is in half-uncials of the Northumbrian type. The A is always A, the C is C, the Æ is C with a tag below it, the H is *h*, the U is U. To this last form I have found no parallel. There are plenty of *u*'s shaped like Y, and plenty of U's with a tag at the bottom of the right side, but no round *u*'s with a tag in the centre. And this singularity leads me to attribute the writing to a period of which we have few examples—in other words, to put it as early as possible.

I doubt if this inscription is quite as old as the Carden Moor Ogam inscription; but I am confident that it is seventh century, and that it is the oldest piece of Highland Gaelic existing in any form of the Roman alphabet. It is also the most southerly Pictish inscription yet known.

The second stone was found in another stream, the Coillechat burn, about two miles west of the former. It was found about two miles above the burn's junction with the Teith—consequently, I suppose, not far from the site of an ancient chapel shown by the Ordnance Map on the west bank of the burn. It has in one corner a cross, followed by the Ogams



ahtê, another early form of *aite*. This is the most westerly Pictish inscription yet known. The rest of the stone, or a great part of it, contains a ground plan, in which (as well as ordinary boundary-lines) a long line of trees or underwood is figured, a well (two small concentric circles), and another boundary-stone (a cross). No doubt this property also belonged to the monastery of St. Madoc, which had a number of chapels in the parish. I doubt if the form *ahtê* is later than seventh century.

I am not aware whether map-stones were previously known in Scotland; but I have long felt certain that the celebrated cup-marked stones there found are nothing but maps of interments in the neighbouring soil—an explanation which, so far as I know, has not been previously given.

The third stone is at Greenloaning, Perthshire; and I have to thank the Rev. John Scott, the minister, for much information regarding it, as well as for transcripts and for helping me to get it photographed. He tells me that it

"is situated at the edge of a small roundel of trees in the centre of a large field on the farm of Townhead, estate of Keir (Mr. Archibald Stirling, proprietor). The farm lies on the north side of the Ochils, but on the south side of the main road, between Dunblane and Blackford, and about 300 yards south of Greenloaning Church."

The top of the stone has lines, straight and diagonal, cut on it, so that here also we seem to have a ground plan. The inscription is as follows:

II
BVAHQATTIDONA+
VURCAMUBONO+NO

The marks at the top are, of course, arrows, used as pointers to show the direction of the tenements, but the feathering of them is at right angles to the shaft.* The inscription below them is in Roman capitals; but the lower line (which is far beneath the upper) is much more carelessly cut, and I see no crossbar to the A in it; consequently I believe it to have been cut at a different time.

In the top line the first word is BVAH,† phonetic spelling for *buath*, an extended form of the Irish *both*, "cottage": *cf.* the parallel forms *bóchaill* and *búachaill*. Next comes QATT, which is the name of the property derived from its past or present occupier Qatt, and put in the locative-dative case; then IDON, "that is"; and, finally, AIT = "hearthside," the I and T being joined so as to form the cross usual on march-stones of church property. *Ait*, of course, is the same word as *aite*: the two exist side by side in modern Highland. The reason for explaining that the *buah* was an *ait* is probably that the occupier of an *ait* (or "hearth" of his own) possessed legal or customary privileges, such as freedom from ejectment, so long as he paid his dues to the lord of the soil.

The second line begins with the name of a second tenement lying behind the first. This name VURCAMU is, of course, the name of an occupier put in the locative-dative case. The name of the occupier was Uurchama, "Very brave." Uur- is a well-known prefix in Pictish personal names, and the use of *c* for *ch* persisted at least as late as the twelfth-century entries in the Book of Deer.

The rest of the line consists of the words BONOIT NO, the *it* being again joined so as to form a cross, and the stem of the *t* also serving as the first stroke of the following *n* (a kind of ligature of which there are two examples on the Shevack or "Newton" Stone). BONOIT is modern *bunait*, "foundation," "dwelling"; *ai* is often written *oi* in O. Ir. (Zeuss, p. 30); and modern *bun* appears as Pictish *bonn* in the Scoonie and Dyke ("Brodie") inscriptions, which have *bavonn* for *babhun*—the stem is really *bon-* not *bun-* (see Stokes, *Urkelt. Spr.*, p. 177). NO is Ir. *no*, "new" (O'Reilly); modern Highland has *nodha* and *nomha*, as well as *nuadh* (Ir. ‡*núe*, *nua*, *nuadh*, *nuagh*).

The meaning of the second line is consequently "Uurchama('s): new settlement (*or*, new dwelling)." That the line refers to a distinct tenement, and not to that mentioned in the previous line, is clear from the great space put between the two lines; and that the second tenement was one sliced out of the first, and at a later time, is evidenced by the word "new," and the fact that the second line is cut by a different hand from the first.

I doubt if any part of the inscription was cut before the tenth century.

E. W. B. NICHOLSON.

* As in the Danish Northumbrian coin (of about 944?) figured in the Brit. Mus. Cat. of A.-S. coins, vol i, pl. xxviii., No. 9.

† Mr. W. A. Craigie's transcript (sent to Prof. Rhŷs) and Mr. Scott's (sent to me) agree in giving *bovah*, which would be phonetic for *bo-bhath* ("cow-hut," fr. *bo* and Ir. *bath*, aspirated to *bh·th* in composition). But Mr. Scott's rubbing does not show an *o*; the photograph has only a small *o* (or rather an 8), so faintly outlined that it seems to be a merely accidental mark in the stone; and Prof. Rhŷs, who has since seen the stone, agrees with me on this point.

‡ From an earlier *nevio-s*, *novio-s* (Stokes, p. 193). With *novio-s* and *no* cf. *tovo* and Ir. *tu*, *to* (*id.*, p. 134).

AN OLD ENGLISH CHARM AND THE "WIENER HUNDESEGEN."

University College, Liverpool: April 26, 1896.

Though it is only a charm, or rather a portion of one, that I have to offer to the friends of Early English literature, I venture to hope that this trifle will not be altogether devoid of interest. In all probability it affords another test for the great antiquity belonging to so many of these offshoots of a half religious, half superstitious belief, preserved only in a late and corrupt shape. To collect them in a more thorough way than hitherto, to be earnestly on the look-out for their literary relationship, is a task not always easy, but grateful and interesting.

Some time ago I was allowed to copy this charm from a twelfth century MS. in the library of Lord Ashburnham (MS. Appendix, No. 120, fol. 191r). Its first four lines run as follows:

"God was iborin in bedlem
Iborin he was to ierusalem
Ifolewid (= ifulwed) ī þe flum iordan
þer nes inemned ne wolf ne þef." *

Glancing over these lines we notice easily enough that the contents of l. 2 are only a nonsensical repetition of l. 1; it seems introduced merely for the sake of rhyme, whereas l. 3 is the typical continuation of l. 1, recurring in many charms of the Christian period (especially in those for blood-stopping). If, further, we discard the words *in bedlem*, in l. 1, we have at last got hold of the kernel, and find at once that the lines entirely correspond with the opening of the so-called "Wiener Hundesegen"

"Christ uuart gaborən ēr uuolf ode diob."

Th. von Karajan, who, in 1858, found and subsequently edited (*Wiener Sitzungsberichte, philos.-hist. Classe*, xxv. 308 *sq.*) the charm from Codex 552 of the Imperial Library of Vienna, replaced the name of Christ by that of Wuotan (Woden); but his conjecture was not generally accepted by German scholars. Müllenhoff (*Denkmäler*,[3] ii. 49) sees in this first line nothing but "ein rohes Flickwerk aus christlicher Zeit"; and R. Koegel, in his *Geschichte der deutschen Litteratur* (i. 260), shares his opinion. Still, with the help of the Old English charm, I hope to prove that Karajan was right.

It is only in their opening that the two charms show a striking affinity, while otherwise they differ entirely. This indicates that they do not stand in the close relationship of original and copy, a thing extremely improbable in all the circumstances of the case. How, then, can we account for their common beginning? Surely, by assuming a common source from which this line could have reached both High Germany† and England. No better place where it could have arisen can be found than the plain of North Germany, the home of the Saxons; no better time for its being handed on with the people than that of the conquest of Britain by the Saxons and other Germanic tribes—*i.e.*, the latter half of the fifth century. But if the charm, as I have little doubt, came to England in its then original form at that time, it could not have contained the name of Christ (or God), but that of a heathen deity.

Observing how well the name would fit the requirements of the alliteration, Karajan, as I have already pointed out, thought of Wuotan (Woden). Now, the above hypothesis as to the original home of the charm affords another argument in favour of this Teutonic divinity: it was just in those parts of Germany where the cult of Wuotan held a prominent position during and after the great migration of races. Here, as late as the eighth century, the Saxons had still to abjure this deity (cp. *Denkmäler*; li.); from here their ancestors carried the god with them to England, and from him Anglo-Saxon kings subsequently traced their descent. On the other hand, through the Franks on the Lower Rhine, his cult was also established more to the south, at least with the Alemanns.

Taking all this into account, I should not consider it too hazardous to read the first line of the English charm, in correspondence with the O.H.G. form proposed by Karajan, as follows:

"Wæs Woden geboren ēr wulf oþþa þeof." *

There is yet another consideration to be mentioned in support of my theory. The contents of what is now the first line, being nonsensical so long as "Christ" † remains in it, cease to be so if "Woden" is substituted. I am much inclined to take the "wolf and thief" simply as personifications of every evil in the world. With the Germans of those days theft, by reason of implying cowardice, was looked upon as a crime more detestable even than murder; and as to the wolf, the animal of prey κατ' ἐξοχήν in the dark forests of Germany, we only need to be reminded of the conspicuous part he plays in the Anglo-Saxon epic poetry, almost wherever a battle is described. The meaning, then, seems to be: Woden was born before any evil (was)—that is to say, before the creation of the world (Woden = Óðin in the light of the Northern cosmogony). But as on the other hand "wolf and thief" are *the* evils threatening the herds, the charm may soon have come to be muttered by shepherds to guard their flocks against their two worst enemies. Indeed, the "Wiener Hundesegen," though often corrupt, shows traces of this connexion; whereas its Old English variant has become a general blessing, "as marrowless as a bleached bone," save for the curious first line.

R. PRIEBSCH.

* The rest, still more corrupt and scarcely worth transcribing, is: "Christ and seinte t$^{r}_{n}$ite | xpist ī seinte t$^{r}_{n}$ite | Child with wolf 7 þef | ous t alle oure autee | And alle godes crafte | Seint h. . . . (?) and seint Luc | Withinne wowes 7 withoute | Seine ous alle aboute | Christ 7 seint iohā þe baptist | þat þou ne me peinite pne . . . ," and some lines more of such stuff.

† According to Karajan the Viennese MS. was written at Salzburg.

* Two B lines of exactly the same structure. That "Wæs" where I have put it is in its right place needs, I think, no explanation.

† I wonder whether the English scribe felt the same difficulty, because he writes "God" where apparently "Christ" is meant.

A SCOTTISH MS. SERVICE-BOOK.

Bardwell Rectory, Bury St. Edmunds: May 16, 1896.

In kindly sending to me a copy of his work on *Early Scottish Worship*, being the Lee Lecture for 1895, the Rev. Duncan MacGregor, minister of Inverallochy, N.B., announces his discovery of another Scottish pre-Reformation Service-book. As such books or MSS. are extremely rare, and can probably be counted on the ten fingers of a man's two hands, I need make no apology for asking you to give publicity to that portion of his letter which refers to an event of importance to all who are interested in Scottish MSS. in general, and in liturgical MSS. in particular.

He says:

"I have recently discovered, and now possess, an incomplete MS. Scottish Manual of about the age of the Arbuthnott Missal (1491); the existence of this MS. has been hitherto unknown. It is in black letter with red rubrics. I have transcribed it, and, when I have time, I intend to edit and publish it. As a liturgiologist you will share my pleasure in discovering it, especially in so out of the way a place. It contains ninety-eight pages parchment. I found it in an old country library, about to be thrown away as useless."

F. E. WARREN.

A BURNS LETTER.

Manchester: May 14, 1896.

In the *Imperial Magazine* of 1819, a remarkable periodical which was begun in Liverpool by Henry Fisher, there is a communication from "G.B., Liverpool, May 12th, 1819." He sends a letter of Burns, "the illustrious Scottish bard" for publication. It is as follows:—

"*To Colonel Montgomery, Coilsfield, by Kilmarnock.*

"HONORED SIR,—I have paid every attention to your commands, but can only say that, which perhaps you will have heard before this reach you, that Muirkirk lands were bought by a John Gordon, W.S. but for whom I know not; Mauchlands, Haugh Miln, &c. by a Frederick Fotheringham, supposed to be for Ballochmyle Laird; and Adamhill and Shawood were bought for Oswald's folks. This is so imperfect an account, and will be so late ere it reach you, that were it not to discharge my conscience, I would not trouble you with this; but after all my diligence, I could make it no sooner nor better.

"For my own affairs, I am in a fair way of becoming as eminent as Thomas a Kempis, or John Bunyan; and you may expect, henceforth, to see my birth-day inserted among the wonderful events in the Poor Robin's and Aberdeen Almanacks, along with the Black Monday, and the Battle of Bothwell Bridge. My Lord Glencairn, and the Dean of Faculty, Mr. H. Erskine, have taken me under their wing; and, in all probability, I shall soon be the tenth worthy, and the eighth wise man of the world. Through my Lord's influence, it is inserted in the records of the Caledonian Hunt, that they universally, one and all, subscribe for the second edition. My subscription-bills come out to-morrow, and you shall have some of them next post.—I have met in Mr. Dalrymple, of Orangefield, what Solomon emphatically calls, 'a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.' The warmth with which he interests himself in my affairs, is of the same enthusiastic kind, which you, Mr. Aiken, and the few patrons that took notice of my earlier poetic days, showed for the poor unlucky devil of a poet.

"I always remember Mrs. Hamilton and Miss Kennedy in my poetic prayers; but you both in prose and verse.

"May cauld ne'er catch you, but a-hap;
Nor hunger, but in Plenty's lap.
Amen!

"ROBERT BURNS.

"Edinbro', 7th Dec., 1786."

The odd thing is that in the new edition of Robert Chambers's "Life of Burns," just issued, this letter is given word for word, but is said to have been directed to Gavin Hamilton of Mauchline. What is the explanation?

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

THE SIN-EATER IN WALES—A POSTSCRIPT.

London: May 16, 1896.

In the ACADEMY for November 23, 1895 (p. 485), Mr. Sidney Hartland has a remark which led me to suppose that *diodlifft* is not found in the Welsh dictionaries before the Trefriw (1815) edition of Richards' work. As a matter of fact, the word is to be found in the first edition (Bristol, 1753). Moreover, what Richards says is taken from Lluyd's *Archaeologia Britannica* (1707). In that most excellent and valuable work, there is a division containing Welsh words, omitted in Dr. Davies of Mallwyd's Dictionary (1632), among them being "Additions written by Dr. Davies himself in the margin of his Dictionary." One of these is "Diodlift, Kuppan dros y Meiru." These additions are the "MS. notes" to which Mr. Hartland refers.

There is also a very enlightening note on *byl* in this division of Lluyd's folio: "*Bil*, 'the mouth'; hence in Cardiganshire and elsewhere *Bil* is the mouth of a vessel. 'Kuppan laun hyd y vyl,' &c." Lower down is found "[Obsol. Welsh] *Bill*, 'a mouth,' Ir. *Bêul*, [Obsol. Ir.] *Bêl*." (I should explain that Lluyd writes *u* for *w*.)

May I just add a line with reference to Mr. Joseph Jacobs's careful note to the Cornish "Tale of Ivan" in his *Celtic Fairy Tales*? Mr. Jacobs does not seem to have been aware that that fine story is printed (with due acknowledgment that it is taken from Lluyd's *Archaeologia*) in *Trysorfa Gwybodaeth* (Carmarthen, 1770). The proverbial saying quoted in Borrow's *Wild Wales* may probably be thus accounted for.

J. P. OWEN.

THE ETYMOLOGY OF "CHUM."

King's College, London: May 16, 1896.

Many may have read with great interest Prof. Skeat's suggestion to derive "chum" from the Low-German student term *Kump*, a familiar form of *Kumpaan*, itself a derivative of the pretty Old French *compainz* (Latin *cum* "with," and *panem* "bread").

As regards this word, whose accusative alone has, as usual, survived in literary French, under the form of *compagnon*, an error seems to have crept in; and, as it is contained in such a masterpiece as the New English Dictionary, it is important that it should not be left unnoticed.

The New English Dictionary tells us, s.v. *compane*, as Prof. Skeat says, that the French *compain* is "now a schoolboy word meaning chum."

The word used in French schools is not *compain*, but *copain*, which is exactly the equivalent—and, according to the present suggestion, the father—of our word "chum."

VICTOR SPIERS.

Brighton: May 18, 1896.

The etymology of "chum" given by Prof. Skeat from the *Bremer Wörterbuch* of 1767 seems very probable. I may add that I have heard the word "Kamerad"—which has the same meaning as "Kumpan"—always pronounced "Kumerad" in the Franconian folk-speech of Baden and the Rhenish Palatinate. That dialect stands midway between Low German and High German. As to the argument drawn from the former English spelling of "Churfürst," it is not applicable. This spelling of "Kurfürst" with a "Ch" is an old German one, which, in official documents, has lingered on into quite recent times. From German it was taken over into English orthography.

KARL BLIND.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, May 25, 4 p.m. Linnean: Anniversary Meeting.
TUESDAY, May 26, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Building and Sculpture of Western Europe," I., by Prof. T. G. Bonney.
THURSDAY, May 28, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Lake Dwellings," I., by Dr. Robert Munro.
8 p.m. Chemical: Lothar Meyer Memorial Lecture, by Prof. P. Phillips Bedson.
8 p.m. Electrical Engineers: "The Utilisation of Water Power, with Examples of Plant for the Generation of Electrical Energy," by Mr. Alph Steiger.
FRIDAY, May 29, 4 p.m. Botanic: "Bible Plants," by Prof. Henslow.
9 p.m. Royal Institution: "John Wesley: Some Aspects of the Eighteenth Century," by Mr. Augustine Birrell.
SATURDAY, May 30, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Moral and Religious Literature of Ancient Egypt," I., by Dr. E. A. Wallis Budge.
3.45 p.m. Botanic: General Fortnightly Meeting.

SCIENCE.

An Historical Grammar of the French Language. From the French of Auguste Brachet. Re-written and enlarged by Paget Toynbee. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

BRACHET'S book has done good work in its time by popularising some of the French portions of Diez' Grammar, but it sadly required bringing up to date. This task, by no means an easy one, has been accomplished with much skill and evidence of scholarship by Mr. Paget Toynbee, who had shown his qualification for it by his previously published *Specimens of Old French*—a work that has been well spoken of by some of the leading scholars on the Continent.

One of the best features of Brachet's Grammar, as well as of his Dictionary, is the clear and methodical way in which the facts are presented; and we are glad to see that Mr. Toynbee has adhered to his original in this respect. As great strides have been made—chiefly in our knowledge of phonetics—since Diez' day, this is the section to which Mr. Toynbee has principally devoted his attention. In the second edition of the late Prof. Schwan's Grammar he had a guide which contains, so far as Old French phonetics and flexions are concerned, practically all the latest information; and he has availed himself of this and other books with much judgment (although we sometimes note a tendency to make light of difficulties, as where we are told that *lui* comes from **illui*, and no attempt is made to explain the Latin form by analogy). He has also consulted with advantage scattered articles that have not yet been methodically grouped: thus, the value of the chapter on the formation of adverbs is greatly enhanced by an extract from one of Prof. Tobler's "Vermischte Beiträge." For some unaccountable reason Brachet and other grammarians have ignored the claims of Syntax to rank on a level with Phonetics and Flexions as a portion of their science. Mr. Toynbee could not, of course, be expected to fill up so wide a gap; but he has done the next best thing by calling in the aid of Syntax, with more success than Brachet had done, wherever it was necessary for the explanation of points with which he had to deal. In this way, and in this way only, is it possible to give a satisfactory account of *oui*, *toujours*, and other words. We remark, by the way, that *voici* and *voilà* are still explained as imperatives; whereas we know it to be held by at least one eminent scholar that the Old French forms of these words, *vez-ci* and *vez-la*, show them to be present indicatives, used interrogatively to express command, as is often the case. For our part, we would have preferred to see the authorities, with references, given for the discoveries that have been made since Diez, at any rate in the case of such important general laws as that called after Darmesteter. Probably Mr. Toynbee thought—and in this he may be right—that beginners are satisfied with having the results of the researches put before them, without troubling about the books or periodicals that contain the original discussions. The principal merit of the present editor is that he has, throughout, made a more extended and intelligent use of Middle Latin and Old French than his predecessor had done, thus materially adding to the value of the Grammar from the scientific point of view.

This is one of the books which should be in the hands of every Modern Sixth boy, nor can there be any doubt that the study of French would be rendered far more attractive to the members of the upper classical forms too, if the intimate relations existing between this tongue and the Latin, to which they devote so much attention, were pointed out to them. We are convinced that the historical teaching of modern languages in our schools would soon bear fruit. We should have more boys going up for the tripos at Cambridge; and English scholarship would, at no distant period, be freed from the stigma now resting on it, of having produced a comparatively small number of men that have furthered the scientific study of their own language and literature, and practically none—Mr. Toynbee forms one of the very few exceptions—who have thought it worth while to explore the mass of literature that was produced on the Continent during the Middle Ages.

H. OELSNER.

THE AMERICAN ORIENTAL SOCIETY'S MEETING.

WE quote the following from the New York *Nation*:

"Andover Hill: April 11, 1896.

"At the recent Congress of Orientalists in London, Prof. Cowell, of Cambridge, the president of the Aryan section, opened its sessions with some graceful verses, first in Sanskrit, and then in English, as follows:

'Calm in calm woods the ancient Rishis sate,
Soothing their souls with friendship's converse high—
While we, my honoured friends, by evil fate,
Meet where the city's ceaseless din rolls by.'

And he consoled us with the thought that 'contrast brings new harmonies to light.' Well, here we were as little disturbed by the din of the traffic that surges through Piccadilly as were the calm Hindu hermits, and we needed no such consolation. Andover is an ideal place of meeting for a learned society, and especially for our Oriental Society, whose earliest history is closely associated with 'The Hill.' For Andover may be justly called the cradle of Oriental learning in America. The names of Moses Stuart and Edward Robinson—famous Andover names, famed, withal, far beyond Andover—stand beside that of our founder, John Pickering, on the first list of our officers of considerably more than half a century ago. Indeed, the temper of cheerful reminiscence was quite pervading. It was to the house of Moses Stuart that its present occupant, Prof. Harris, welcomed us on Thursday; and it was the old home of Austin Phelps in which Prof. Moore received us on Friday. The charming inn in which—sociable and unscattered—we lodged, just opposite the Campus, was once the home of Harriet Beecher Stowe, and was fitted up for her occupancy with the first seven hundred dollars of the proceeds of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. But let no one think from all this that the aforesaid cradle has been consigned to the dusty attic of reminiscence. Whoever examined Prof. Moore's masterly piece of work, his Commentary on the Book of Judges, just issued, and heard the papers of his friend and assistant, Dr. Torrey, will doubtless admit that that piece of furniture is still rocking in a very lively manner, and that there is no present fear of the nursery lapsing into unwholesome quiet.

"President Gilman, who had given the society much faithful service from the fifties to the seventies, is now our presiding officer; and it is pleasant to record the faithfulness with which—in spite of his

duties on the Venezuelan Commission—he took the long journey from Baltimore in order to be present. Some societies suffer under the *régime* of the merely ornamental or figure-head type of president; but we are fortunate in having a man to preside who can efficiently help us to the smooth and ready dispatch of the business in hand. The attendance was good. The members number between three and four hundred, including many residing in distant parts of this country, and many abroad. About one-tenth of these were present, besides many intelligently interested auditors from the Seminary and the town. Johns Hopkins was represented by its president and by Haupt; Columbia, by Gottheil and Jackson; Yale, by Hopkins, the successor of Prof. Whitney; Harvard, by Toy, Lyon, and Lanman; and so on.

"This was our one hundred and seventh meeting. The sessions began on Thursday, and continued without drag, and yet without hurry, until Saturday noon. The purpose of this arrangement is to give opportunity for two informal evening sessions. This present arrangement of annual meetings extending over three days is a most palpable improvement over the old plan of two extremely brief semi-annual meetings, where the need of 'hustling' and 'catching trains' quite o'ercrowded the scholar's spirit. President Gilman set the business session for Friday morning. This began with the presentation of correspondence by the corresponding secretary, Prof. Lanman. Notable among these letters was one from a distant corner of Assam, in India—from Sibsagar on the Brahmaputra. It was written by Mr. Peal of the Royal Geographical Society, who is at work on the languages of that region, and contained a request for a certain publication of the society upon those tongues by one of our earliest members, the Rev. Nathan Brown, a missionary of the Baptist Union. 'Its [the book's] value to us here,' says Mr. Peal, 'is much greater than you might suppose. Dr. Brown was a real *genius*.' A recent letter, bearing the signature, still clear and firm, of Otto Boehtlingk of the Russian Imperial Academy, the Nestor of all Sanskritists and the oldest honorary member of our society (he was elected in 1844), combines with frequent brochures from his pen to attest the unexhausted vitality of this distinguished octogenarian. Prof. Bühler of Vienna sends a stately publication of the Austrian Academy dedicated to the memory of our Whitney, and tells of the progress of his Encyclopaedia of Indic Philology, to be issued by Trübner of Strassburg, the publisher of Paul's Germanic, Groeber's Romance, and Geiger's Iranian Philology, and to be executed on the same plan with those works. It is of interest to us because two of our members, Bloomfield and Lanman, have a hand in it. Dr. Johnston of Ballykilbeg, co. Down, formerly of the Bengal Civil Service, 'makes the welcome announcement that he has translated Deussen's System des Vedanta,' and that it is to run through the *Calcutta Review* and then appear in book form. Dr. Burgess, of Edinburgh, formerly Director-General of the Archaeological Survey of India, gives an encouraging account of the progress of his great work (already noticed in these columns), soon to be issued by Griggs of London. The first portfolio of 150 or more collotype plates of the most important archaeological remains in India may soon be expected. They are made from the best of some three or four thousand negatives at Whitehall and the Calcutta Museum, and the negatives are selected by an unexcelled expert. Of interest to serious students of Buddhism is a letter from the well-known Subhuti, a Buddhist high-priest of Ceylon, stating his readiness to comply with a request for a transcript of certain Pali texts of the Sacred Canon. Finally, Lal Chandra Vidya Bhaskara of Jodhpur, Rajputana, sends us, in superb calligraphy, a most elaborate Life of Prof. Whitney, done into Sanskrit verses from the obituary notice of that scholar which appeared in the *Nation* of June 14, 1894.

"The necrology of the year included some very notable names. Among them is that of Prof. Roth, of Tübingen, the life-long friend and fellow-labourer of Whitney in the field of Vedic research. Another is Rost, the librarian of the India Office in London, whom scores of grateful scholars have risen up to call blessed for his learning and for the kindness with which he put that learning at their disposal. Of our illustrous countryman, Dr. Van Dyck, the great Arabist, we need not speak, unless for the pride and joy that we have in calling his noble life and life-work to remembrance. Two men long distinguished in other walks of life, the late Hon. Charles Theodore Russell, of Cambridge, and the Rev. Talbot W. Chambers, of New York, were for very many years faithful and interested members of the society.

"The treasurer, Mr. Warren of Cambridge, showed a satisfactory balance-sheet; and the committee of publication announced that a new half volume had been issued a few days before. New blood was infused into the society by the election of a goodly number of new members. The old administrative officers were re-elected, with one exception; the secretary, Prof. Lanman, after nearly twenty years of such labour, desired to be relieved, and in his stead was elected Prof. Hopkins. On the other hand, the healthy growth of the society has greatly increased the amount of editorial labour to be done, and this labour had come, by prescription, to attach to the post of secretary. To effect a much needed redistribution of burdens, the directors appointed, accordingly, Profs. Lanman and Moore to serve as responsible editors of the *Journal*.

"Of the miscellaneous business only two items need be mentioned. One was an invitation from the Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis, to co-operate with them in the effort to establish a school of Oriental Study and Research in Bible Lands, somewhat after the manner of the American Schools at Athens and Rome. Prof. Thayer of Havard submitted the draft of a plan. The other was a scheme for promoting the Historical Study of Religions, and emanated from Prof. Jastrow of Philadelphia.

"The papers presented were about thirty in number. They were, of course, largely technical. One of the most striking things about them was the largeness of the number that attempted a reapproachment of wholly diverse phases of ancient civilisation. Thus, Dr. Casanowicz discussed the Alexander legends in Talmud and Midrash with reference to Greek and Assyrian parallels. Prof. Macdonald's paper on the place of al-Ghazali in the theology of Islam adverted to the influence exerted by Buddhism upon one of the forms of Sufiism. Prof. Jackson's paper upon Persian names in the Book of Esther, as well as that of his colleague, Prof. Gottheil, upon references to Zoroaster in the Syriac literature, brought out still other interlacings of Aryan and Semitic life. And again, Mr. Edmunds's essay on the compilation of the Pali Canon was the fruit of studies which were suggested to him by his study of the history of the New Testament Canon under Prof. Rendel Harris. Dr. Scott's paper upon Malayan words in English was a brief account of a most elaborate investigation. In the course of it he used the expression, 'If there *is* any longer any such work as an English dictionary.' *If*, indeed! Our vocabulary is already fairly flooded with words of the cosmopolitan jargon. His essay showed, perhaps more clearly than any of those just mentioned, how infinite is the interplay between races and nations, how impossible to study any of them in isolation. And yet how short is the time since scholars began to realise that they could not understand the origin of Greek civilisation from the Grecian monuments of that civilisation alone!

"Apropos of a technical discussion of a passage in Ezra, Prof. Haupt expressed a view long held by him that Assyrian is only an older local variety of Aramaic. In his paper on Genesis ii. 6, 'There went up a mist (*edh*) from the earth,' &c., he assumed on the part of the Palestinian narrator a misunderstanding of the old Babylonian material worked over by him, in which material the loan-word *edh* had reference to the system of irrigation practised in Babylonia. Prof. Haupt's pupil, Dr. Johnston, sent a valuable paper on the epistolary literature of the Assyro-Babylonians. These letters are original, contemporaneous, and authentic documents for the history of their times. Noteworthy among them are the letters between Bel-ibni, the general of Ashurbanipal, and his royal master. They are pervaded by cordial good feeling and soldier-like frankness, and are rich in historical allusions and details. How wonderful that we should now possess the letters—still clear in tone and fresh in colouring—to and from a king who only a little while ago was to us the half-mythical Sardanapalus!

"Prof. Bloomfield sent an advance report of the results of his Atharva-Veda studies, now publishing in Max Müller's Sacred Books of the East. And a printed specimen of the late Prof. Whitney's translation of the same Veda was laid before the society by Prof. Lanman, who is now bringing out that work in his 'Harvard Oriental Series.' The latter's studies of the relative age of different parts of the Rig-Veda have been continued by Prof. Arnold of the University College of North Wales, Bangor, who sent us an elaborate treatise on that subject. And a critical investigation of the eighth book of the Rig-Veda, conducted with a similar purpose, was presented by Prof Hopkins. It is interesting to see at such a meeting as this how like in method is the criticism of the Vedas to that of the Bible, differ as they may in details. For this reason, if for no other, it would be a pity to divide the society into two sections, a Semitic and an Aryan. The meeting was a thoroughly harmonious one—no *odium philologicum*. It was altogether happy and profitable, and full of promise for the future of the society. The next meeting is appointed to be held at Baltimore, in Easter week, April 22-24, 1897."

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE anniversary meeting of the Linnean Society, for the election of president and council, will be held at Burlington House, on Monday next, at 3 p.m.

AT an extra meeting of the Chemical Society, to be held at Burlington House on Thursday next, the Lothar Meyer Memorial Lecture will be delivered by Prof. P. Phillips Bedson.

AT the Royal Institution on Tuesday next, the Rev. Prof. T. G. Bonney will deliver the first of two lectures on "The Building and Sculpture of Western Europe.'

THE Institution of Civil Engineers has appointed a committee to consider the question of the definition of a standard, or standards, of thermal efficiency for steam-engines.

THE annual visitation of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, will take place on Saturday, June 6.

WE understand that the Emperor of Germany and the Czar of Russia have each accepted a copy of Mr. R. Kearton's recent work on *British Birds Nests*, illustrated from photographs taken direct from nature by Mr. C. Kearton. So great has been the demand for the work that Messrs. Cassell & Co. have already reprinted it.

THE discourse which Dr. E. Frankland recently delivered at the Royal Institution, on "The Past, Present, and Future Water-Supply of London," is printed in the May number of *Science Progress*. We quote his conclusion:

"I have shown that the Thames basin can furnish an ample supply for fifty or more years to come, while the quality of the spring and deep-well waters and of the filtered river water would be unimpeachable. To secure these benefits for the future, storage must be gradually provided for 11 500 millions of flood water judiciously selected in the Thames valley, and a proportionate volume in the basin of the Lea; while filtration must be carried to its utmost perfection, by the use of finer sand than is at present employed, and by the maintenance of a uniform rate during the twenty-four hours."

In the same number of *Science Progress* Mr. F. E. Beddard gives a summary of recent literature on the Oligochaeta, or earth-worms, since the publication of his own monograph by the Clarendon Press; Mr. Alexander Scott similarly reviews recent research on the relative atomic weights of hydrogen and oxygen; and Mr. G. C. Bourne continues his statement of the present position of the cell-theory.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

DR. E. A. WALLIS BUDGE, keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities at the British Museum, will on Saturday next deliver the first of two lectures at the Royal Institu-

tion, on "The Moral and Religious Literature of Ancient Egypt."

WE understand that about one half of the sum required (£6300) to purchase the late Prince L.-L. Bonaparte's linguistic collection for the Guildhall Library has now been promised. Among the city companies that have contributed are—the Goldsmiths, the Fishmongers, the Carpenters, the Armourers and Braziers, the Cordwainers, the Clockmakers, the Wax Chandlers, and the Stationers. Dr. Butler, the master of Trinity, has recently joined the committee. The treasurer of the fund is Lord Aldenham, and the hon. secretary is the corporation librarian at Guildhall.

THE REV. WENTWORTH WEBSTER has printed (Bayonne: Lamaignère) the first twenty-nine pages of the MS. Latin-Basque Dictionary, by Pierre d'Urte, preserved at Shirburn Castle—the Earl of Macclesfield's seat in Oxfordshire—together with the Basque translation of the Old Testament, which was edited two years ago by the Rev. Llewelyn Thomas in the series of "Anecdota Oxoniensia." An account of this Dictionary has already been given in the *Revue de Linguistique* (July, 1893). It consists of no less than five volumes, each of about 500 pages, but yet does not go further than the Latin word *commotus*. Quite apart from its value in preserving Basque words, formations, and idioms, it is of some interest even to classical scholars. For the original Latin work that Pierre d'Urte must have had before him was not a dictionary proper, but a medieval phrase-book for instruction in writing and speaking Latin. Mr. Webster has been unable to discover this original; but he remarks that it contains, among many other examples of Low Latinity, the word *abannatus*, which is not to be found in Ducange, though the substantive *abannatio* is there. These twenty-five pages, transcribed from the MS. by Mr. Llewelyn Thomas, are printed as a specimen, in order to try whether the learned world will afford encouragement to the publication of the whole of the five volumes.

MR. EDWARD SPENCER DODGSON — who is indefatigable in putting into type out-of-the-way fragments of Basque literature — has recently published (Alençon: Renaut De Broise) the second part of a treatise entitled *The Basque Verb Found and Determined*, which consists of a concordance to the 219 forms of the Basque verb employed in the Epistles to Timothy, in Leiçarraga's "Testamenta Berria" (1571). He hopes to go on and collect all the verbal forms used by Leiçarraga, and thus provide the student with a complete inventory—from what is practically the oldest authority for the Basque language—of the radicals that apply the passion or action of the verb to the rest of the sentence.

MR. SPENCER DODGSON has also printed (Bayonne: Lesgourgues) a leaflet of four pages, containing the 254 Basque verbal forms employed in the *Proverbes-Basques-Espagnols* of 1596, lately published by M. Van Eys. To these he has added the Basque vocabulary of Marinaeus Siculus, from the Spanish edition of 1539.

REPORTS OF SOCIETIES.

CLIFTON SHAKSPERE SOCIETY.—(*Saturday, April* 25.)

MRS. L. M. GRIFFITHS in the Chair.—Mr. L. M. Griffiths gave a summary of the facts connecting William Herbert and Mary Fitton with the Sonnets, and showed portraits of the latter taken from the Fitton monument at Gawsworth, near Macclesfield.—Mr. Leo H. Grindon, in a paper on "The Shaksperian Sonnets," said, that if these incomparable verses seem sometimes obscure on first perusal, this is a failing common to all in art that is great and immortal, and the veritable want is probably a quicker intelligence on our part. Pervaded with passion, packed into the narrowest possible compass, nowhere in poetry, either ancient or modern, have we a greater number of exquisite illustrations of deep feeling set forth in fashion more felicitous. Occasionally, perhaps, quaint and conceited, the blemishes in these transcendently beautiful Sonnets, if blemishes they really are, altogether dissolve and disappear in the presence of their noble qualities. It may be conceded, too, that at times there are indications of a weak and erring emotional and moral nature. Never mind. There were specks, no doubt, upon the golden apples of the Hesperides. In contemplating illustrious work of any description—yes, any kind of faithful and exemplary work—let us deal as we do with one another in everyday life, be sure that we recognise and appreciate all the good before wasting time upon the imperfections. There cannot be much to condemn in the utterances of one who for nearly three centuries has been thankfully quoted by statesmen, philosophers, and divines; whose tales have wound round thousands of honest hearts, and moistened thousands of pure eyes; whose pictures have awakened the most virtuous of sympathies, and whose wit has gladdened and revivified the downcast when other appeals have been in vain. Although some of them seem to relate to a woman, probably the 'dark and dangerous Mary Fitton,' yet it was clearly a man who was always most present to the poet's fancy. All creative imagination is suffused with a feminine element and coloured by it. All great poetry is imbued with a yearning tenderness a vague but at the same time an insatiable sensibility to what is softest and sweetest—in one word, to the *beau idéal* presented bodily and spiritually in "heaven's last, best gift." So that, although it is in *love* that the vital energy of the poems mainly resides, there is nothing inconsistent or unnatural in the subject being masculine. The poet's function is to etherealise the facts of actual life, to transform the common things of existence into fairy marvels, no matter what may be the particular circumstance he takes for his text: that which we have to contemplate is the emotion suggested by it or born of it. The Sonnets are, in a measure, more instructive than the dramas in regard to the author's own inmost nature, since he here addresses the world more immediately in his own personal character. They are the most direct disclosures we have left us of his own actual thoughts and feelings. All true poetry is from within, not from without. Invited by external things, still it is cradled in the soul. The Sonnets of later date belong to the highest poetry of their kind, because the author had then acquired the habit of writing upon a subject undramatic. Whether it be clearly proved or disproved that the man addressed was William Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke, matters little. It could not alter in the slightest degree the meaning or feeling of a single line. Among other beauties in the Sonnets may be noticed that here Shakspere shows that, if he but touches the wild flowers of the hedgerows and meadows, like the statue of Memnon, when caressed by the rising sun, they begin to utter sweet music. (See Sonnets 54 and 99.) In the choicest poetry of our own age charming echoes from the Sonnets may be found—especially in the writings of Tennyson and Christina Rossetti.—Mr. J. W. Mills, in a former paper on "Venus and Adonis" (ACADEMY, May 2), had said, in reference to the artistic instincts of the epoch of Spenser and Shakspere, that the intellectual activity of the Puritans was negative and destructive only; and that Milton, having received the highest classic culture, could not be instanced as an example of Puritan productiveness. Continuing this line of thought, Mr. Mills, in a paper entitled "How far was Milton a Puritan?" now reviewed the incidents of the poet's earlier years, referring to his education at St. Paul's and at Cambridge, and his years of retirement and study previous to making the "grand tour," a time spent, according to Puritan notions, in occupations evil, unhallowed, and godless. His writings furnish sufficient proof of his admiration for the stage, English and Greek, the very abomination of desolation for all honest Puritan souls. Other sources of Milton's inspiration were Chaucer, the gorgeous poetry of Tasso and Ariosto, ecclesiastical architecture, and religious music. Of culture such as this among orthodox Puritans there was and could be none. While Milton went heartily with the Puritans upon such questions as Church government and doctrines, taxation, republicanism, the rights of the subject, the freedom of the press, he was not even a Puritan in social customs, and the whole course of his intellectual life was one flagrant antithesis to, and an absolute negation of, all Puritanical conceptions of education. The scholarly allusions, the splendid thoughts, the wondrous style which embellish his work, were all derived from sources forbidden to the Puritan. The aims and ideals of Puritanism, whether intellectual, political, or religious, were alike all pre-doomed to utter failure. An endeavour to find out the quality and quantity of Puritan literature proves the first point. The political ideal of Puritanism, their notorious "commonwealth," or republic, was from its very inception but a mere military despotism of the most oppressive and stringent order, by which personal liberty was to be crushed out. The failure of Puritanism as a religious force is yet more appalling. It prepared the way for the flood of vice, irreligion, and lewdness, which, being as great in the first year of Charles II.'s reign as in the last, is a manifest and irrefragable proof that this amazing deterioration in the national character was antecedent to the Stuart Restoration, not a subsequent reflex consequence of Court profligacy. *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus.* Nor did the terrible results of Puritanism end with the debauchery of the English nation. In an indirect manner, and as a secondary cause, it was in no small degree contributory to some of the worst horrors of the French Revolution. When Napoleon's opportunity came, he, imitating Cromwell, enslaved the French nation through the army. Thus came to pass those ceaseless Napoleonic wars which devastated all Europe, and even threatened the destruction of civilisation itself.

ELIZABETHAN.—(*Wednesday, May* 6.)

FREDERICK ROGERS, Esq., in the chair. — Mr. William Hutchison read a paper on "Some French Criticisms of the Elizabethan Drama." It has been stated that the judgment of the foreigner is the judgment of posterity. This statement is, however, of dubious value, since it at once suggests an inquiry into what is understood by the terms foreigner and posterity. French criticism, like all other criticism, has been to a large extent mobile and relative. It would, however, be exaggeration to call all criticism relative, and conditioned by fluctuating standards of comparison. Much is to be said in favour of Matthew Arnold's comparative method, with its touchstones of style. Certain masters will remain secure and unchallenged in their position: and, among all masters in the expression of human emotion, there can be no possible doubt of the supreme master of all. But what was Shakspere to the eighteenth century French critic? At best a sort of inspired drunken savage, who had written grotesque and monstrous farces, misnamed tragedies. A passage from Voltaire's *Lettres sur les Anglais* was quoted, in which Shakspere is credited with genius, but is denied the possession of good taste or "the slightest knowledge of the rules." It was this want of Parisian *bon goût*, this "astonishing tranquillity" in walking through the rules, that condemned Shakspere in the eyes of Voltaire. The latter's literary conservatism was an interesting feature in his somewhat conglomerate nature. Before dealing at length with Voltaire's critical treatment of Shakspere, Mr. Hutchison gave a short account of pre-Voltairean criticism of the English drama, including that of Saint-Évremond, who resided for many years in England, and was the friend of Cowley and Waller. It was in 1726 that Voltaire came to England, where he remained for three years, using his magnificent capacity for assimilating and utilizing other men's ideas in the study of the language, history, literature, and philosophy of the country. Shakspere, of course, engaged his attention and was awarded his qualified approval. To appreciate Shakspere fully was not possible for him. He was essentially a product of his age and country, in which convention and artificiality reigned supreme. It was not then to be expected that he would prefer Shakspere's boundless vision and all-embracing grasp of reality to the French dramatists, who kept so strictly within the bounds laid down by Aristotle and classical antiquity, that they made those bounds narrower still. However, Shakspere had some influence on Voltaire, and partially inspired his tragedy of "Brutus," in the preface to which

addressed to Bolingbroke, he has much to say regarding the restrictions hampering the French dramatist. While he would like to see a little more life infused into the French drama, he cannot help admiring the extreme delicacy of French audiences. He then draws a comparison between Lafosse's "Manlius Capitolinus," and Otway's "Venice Preserved," from which it was derived. He also alludes to Shakspere's "Julius Cæsar": although he cannot approve of its "barbarous irregularities," he is amazed "that there should not be more in a work written in an age of ignorance, by a man who did not even know Latin, and had only his own genius to guide him." He points out that a French audience of the period would not have tolerated the introduction on the stage of a throng of artizans and plebeians. This interesting preface concludes with a few words on the different treatment accorded to love and passion by French and English dramatists. Love on the French stage is apt to be no more than empty gallantry; on the English stage it occasionally degenerates into debauchery. In illustration, two passages are cited, one from "Alcibiade," the other from "Venice Preserved." Shakspere's influence on Voltaire is also to be noticed in the latter's tragedies of "Eryphile" and "La Mort de César." The *Lettres sur les Anglais* created immense interest in France, and made English literature a fashionable study. The first translation of Shakspere's works appeared in 1745, the translator being De la Place. Despite the poorness of the translation, the critical remarks show ample appreciation of Shakspere expressed in vigorous terms. De la Place also translated plays by Otway, Ben Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher; and a glance through Delandine's *Bibliographie Dramatique* reveals a number of English plays which appeared about this time in a French dress. In addition, many dramas owed their inspiration to Shakspere and the English school generally. Voltaire at first watched this "boom" in Shakspere with considerable complacency; but he soon found it was going too far, and that there was a risk of French readers preferring "Hamlet" to "Zaïre." In 1761 he published, under the pseudonym of Jerome Carré, a pamphlet attacking Shakspere and the English dramatists. The critical value of this curious and amusing production, which mainly consists of synopses of "Hamlet" and Otway's "Orphan," may be gauged by the author's remark that the glory of the authorship of "Hamlet" must be ascribed to Saxo Grammaticus, whose romances were only put into dialogue by Shakspere! Many allusions to Shakspere are also to be found in Voltaire's correspondence and in the *Dictionnaire Philosophique*. His culminating attack was contained in the two letters which he addressed to the Academy in 1776, regarding Letourneur's translation. Mr. Hutchison then proceeded to compare at some length the French classical tragedy with the romanticism of the Elizabethan drama. While the former was a reproduction of an antique model, the latter was a development through moralities and interludes from the medieval miracle plays. The romantic drama, while it might be careless in detail, conveyed a fuller impression of actuality: it gave background, and in emotional power was infinitely superior to the French classical drama, with its conventions and over-elaborate rhetoric. The remainder of the paper was devoted to a detailed analysis and criticism of the treatment accorded to Ben Jonson by three modern critics, MM. Taine, Mézières, and Lafond. Of the three Taine is perhaps the most brilliant, but his erroneous conception of the English character and genius are apparent throughout his monumental work. Moreover, he holds his theory of "Race, Milieu, et Moment" too tightly, and his pyrotechnical criticism is more dazzling than luminous. M. Mézières, on the other hand, knows his subject well, treats it adequately with a fair knowledge of English life and character, and forbears from too ambitious flights of criticism. —In the discussion which followed, the chairman, Messrs. Payne, Hayward, Backwell, and Jenkinson, took part.

Anthropological Institute.—(*Tuesday May* 12.)

E. W. Brabrook, Esq., president, in the chair.—Mr. H. W. Seton-Karr exhibited and made remarks upon stone implements discovered by him in Somaliland.—Sir John Evans, Prof. Rupert Jones, and Mr. C. H. Read spoke on the value of the discovery.—A paper on "Recent Observations on the Andamanese," by Mr. M. V. Portman, was read by Dr. J. G. Garson. A discussion followed, in which Sir W. H. Flower, Prof. Keane, Prof. Brigham, of Honolulu, and Mr. C. H. Read took part.—A second paper, on "Photographic Apparatus for Travellers," was read by Dr. J. G. Garson, who exhibited a number of cameras of various kinds.

FINE ART.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

II.

One often finds oneself regretting that Mr. Alma-Tadema, who remains, with all his exclusive devotion to Graeco-Roman subjects and the everyday life of classical antiquity, a Netherlander in temperament, should not have adhered to subjects in closer and more real relation to his own times and his own race. He might thus have conquered for himself a reputation falling little short of that still enjoyed by his great predecessors of the seventeenth century. For instance, in a pure piece of *genre* giving legitimate scope for the treatment of sumptuous accessories, like that "Interior of the Artist's Studio," in the collections of the late Lord Leighton, Mr. Tadema is incomparable. In "The Coliseum" (291) we can but deplore the tastelessness which goes hand in hand with, and neutralises, exquisite technical skill. No one but the Anglo-Dutch artist could have painted the white-robed Roman damsels in the foreground; and, on the other hand, few artists of the same high rank would have ventured to put before the public such an imperfectly digested mass of fine pictorial material as the work contains. "Whispering Noon" may count among the better, though not the very best, of his delicate little *genre* pieces of the idyllic type.

Mr. Poynter appears to have lost that ambition, that strenuous aspiration to attain perfection through patient effort, which gave interest to his "Israel in Egypt," his "Atalanta," and his "Homage of the Graces to Aesculapius." Such pieces of laboured prettiness as "An Oread" and "Neobulè (Hor. *Od.* iii. 12)" call for no extended criticism, though in them the artist has done his best according to his peculiar views.

For a cold pseudo-classicism, which to-day convinces neither the painter nor his public, Mr. J. W. Waterhouse substitutes a romanticism with which his own artistic temperament, as well as that of his race, is thoroughly in accord; and though his subject, "Pandora," is one *prima facie* marked out for classical treatment, he in the romantic mode achieves a great success. He has been able to sum himself up here—to show a unity and concentration of style, for which it would not be easy to find a parallel in any of his previous works. His timid, exquisite little nymph—she is hardly a goddess—who, in the august solitude of the forest, peeps fearfully into the mysterious casket fashioned of gold and barbaric jewels, may not be the ideal Pandora, yet she casts a spell over us which it is hard to resist.

It would be churlish not to give Mr. Solomon J. Solomon his due meed of praise for so courageously venturing upon a subject like "The Birth of Love," upon which even now the Royal Academy public looks with a feeling akin to distaste. His great upright composition, showing Venus wafted in roseate nudity over a fair sea, with a circle of Loves fluttering round her head, recalls Cabanel, and still more Paul Baudry. In its mannered elegance and meritricious charm, it is French rather than English. A certain emptiness of handling throughout is very characteristic of this painter: it is to be found also in his otherwise agreeable portrait, "Mrs. Albert H. Jessel."

A beautiful harmony of pallid flesh, blue skies flecked with white, and foaming wave is Mr. J. M. Swan's "The Sirens"; and it is something more than this. He has got the artist's vigour of the scene, as well as its lovely colour. If the arrangement of the chief figure, with its somewhat too opulent contours, is fairly open to criticism, nothing could be more delightful than the fair forms of her sister sirens, half revealed through the veil of foam which rises from the dancing waves. Mr. Swan is much less successful in his two other canvases, "Study of East African Leopards" and "The Lion-hunter."

Great skill of quite another kind in drawing and modelling the nude is evidenced by Mr. J. W. Godward in "Campaspe," an *académie*, as our neighbours would call it, of unimpeachable design, though not of any great significance. The beloved of Alexander, depicted here in entire nudity, as she was, according to tradition, depicted by Apelles, is a painted statue in the flat, rather than a being of real flesh and blood with true atmospheric environment. This canvas is thus absolutely opposed in treatment to a capital piece of technique in the prevailing foreign mode, "The Nymph of the Bay," by Mr. Arthur P. Burton. Delicately grey and rose, in a grey twilight landscape, is the flesh of the well-fashioned studio model who does duty here as the nymph of the region. She has the beauty and elasticity of life; and the great sweep of bay, too, which unrolls itself at her feet, is finely rendered. Yet the whole, for want of some special significance in the conception, remains not much more than an excellent school exercise. Mrs. Raphael, in her "Wood Nymph," shows less skill, but a higher ambition, with a certain power to spiritualise the nude human form of which the last-mentioned artist gives no proof. Her pale virginal figure with the classic head-gear is awkwardly composed with the tree-trunks amid which it stands, but it has some of that charm which we associate with Prud'hon and with Ingres. The nude female figure "Summer," lying amid heaped-up crimson and yellow roses, which has been sent by Miss Henrietta Rae, proves above all things that the artist has studied not wisely but too well Cabanel's "Venus," now or lately in the gallery of the Luxembourg. All this is, however, very promising, as giving proof of a serious study of the nude by our younger artists. If we are ever to have in England a decorative art of the higher order, such a preparation for it is indispensable. But why take so restricted a view of this main branch of artistic study, and confine it to the representation of the female figure in one or two hackneyed poses? It is not alone the colourist who finds his opportunities in the perfections of the human form, but, above all, the painter in love with rhythm and harmony not less of conception than of design. From this point of view the male form may well be deemed to show beauties of a higher order, and generally a deeper significance. The Greeks in the golden time of their maturity, and Michael-angelo at the climax of the Renaissance, sufficiently demonstrated this in their greatest masterpieces.

In his three productions Mr. Frank Dicksee has applied himself to three distinct branches of his art, and in no instance, it must be owned, without a large measure of success. "The Mirror" shows a woman of faultless feature and form, seated on a magnificent throne of silver and mother-of-pearl, as she gazes into a silver hand-glass. This is avowedly not more than an excuse for the display of fine draughtsmanship and carefully thought-out colour—an exercise in the well-balanced juxtaposition of splendid tints and objects. Once more the infinitely painstaking artist makes us feel the difference between the colourist by calculation and the colourist by nature. The self-set task in his elaborate piece of

genre on a large scale, "The Confession," has been a double one. He has indulged in the *tour de force* of a white picture, and has at the same time realised with a certain melodramatic force the scene in which a consumptive woman on the point of death makes to her husband a confession which, if we are to judge by her significant exhibition of the nuptial ring, is one of infidelity. A novelty in his practice is the delicate little sea-piece, "On the Brittany Coast."

M. Bouguereau's contribution to the Royal Academy need not arrest us, so ordinary an example is it of an art in its peculiar way accomplished, yet rarely other than uninteresting. M. Benjamin Constant comes forward not this time as the painter of the East, with its sunlight, glitter, and its dramatic romance, but in the doubtless more lucrative rôle of portrait-painter. There is the semblance, rather than the reality, of fine colour in his portrait, "Madame L. G.," presenting a lady whose mature charms have an Oriental luxuriance. The colour is downright ugly in the strongly modelled half-length "H.E. the Right Hon. Sir Julian Paunceforte, G.C.B.," a discord of chocolate in the background, gold in the embroideries, crimson in the ribbon of the Bath, and dark blue in the uniform. Moreover, the true character of a downright British and yet an engaging personality has not been caught. M. Constant makes amends in the excellent and audaciously frank portrait of that journalistic celebrity, M. de Blowitz. It is a likeness that will, with its vein of genuine humour, delight the public, but may possibly in a less degree enchant the sitter.

Mr. J. J. Shannon is in his most serious vein in his single contribution to the main exhibition of the year, the half-length portrait, "Mrs. Baird." Careful objective characterisation, without much sympathy, strong draughtsmanship and modelling mark this work, which ranks far above his usual fashionable presentments of fair women, and with the best of his male portraits.

It is as a portrait painter that Mr. Stanhope Forbes achieves his greatest distinction this time, although in this branch he manages to be much more unpleasant in colour and handling than he need be, even in dealing with rugged types of manhood all too scornful of the Graces. In the three portraits exhibited, much the same bottle-green background is preserved, and there are further disagreeable reminders in the half-tones of the flesh of this ugly tint. Especially in the three-quarter length, "Sir Peter Eade, M.D., Mayor of Norwich," does a genuine sympathy between the painter and his subject reveal itself, though it induces the former rather to accentuate than to tone down physical imperfections resulting from the decay proper to advancing years. Mr. Stanhope Forbes's most important canvas, "The New Calf" is marked by his usual qualities and his usual defects. We are by this time more than a little weary of the conflicting illumination—fire and lantern within, and light of dawn or twilight without—which this artist, Mr. Frank Bramley, and many others following them, have so much affected. The group of peasants looking on as the cow gives suck to her new calf is observed both truthfully and tenderly, and each figure taken by itself is good. What is less so is the heaviness of the whole, the too obvious deliberation of the working out, the failure to suggest true movement and the buoyancy of life. In these respects Mr. Frank Bramley shows himself, in his similar work, "While there is Life there is Hope," greatly superior to his brother artist. His palette has retained, too, in this in-door scene some of the sparkle and variety which he has acquired in treating open-air subjects. His composition is better balanced as well as more spontaneous than that of his rival, his observations of rustic life not less tender or less true.

The important canvas, "The Cloister and the World," of Mr. Arthur Hacker has the technical accomplishment, in the most modern mode, of a French or Franco-American painter of to-day, and with it much of that shallowness, that false ideality, serving to distinguish a certain new development of French art, before which realism has momentarily retreated. The nun, kneeling on the sunlit sward between the white-winged, white-robed, guardian angel on the one hand and the rainbow-hued Love and Pleasure on the other, prays ardently no doubt, yet with too manifest a consciousness of her audience. Noteworthy is the brilliancy of the whole, with little positive colour, and the unity of tone in a high, bright key: especially clever being the way in which the nun's robe, under the strong radiance emanating from the angel, is made to appear golden without ceasing to be black. The great danger to the picture in its decorative aspect is thus skilfully avoided.

Mr. La Thangue is one of our most earnest students of light, both natural and artificial. His pictures are, in the main, studies devoted to the elaborate working out of some particular problem of illumination. To the adequate exposition of what the artist has in view, he deliberately sacrifices much of pictorial grace and charm. In "The Man with the Scythe," the first notion of which may have been derived from M. Maeterlinck's "L'Intruse," there is, however, worked out with a reticence that does not exclude tenderness, a human motive, as well as a study of atmospheric effect. Outside a cottage door a sick child pillowed on a rustic armchair has fallen into a sleep of exhaustion, and her mother bends down anxiously to gaze at her, just as an old labourer, shouldering his scythe, passes by the gate. The atmospheric moment is that peculiar one of hushed silence and seeming airlessness when the sun has vanished, and twilight, soon to pass into evening, has appeared. Here, as in the two other canvases presently to be mentioned, Mr. La Thangue quite arbitrarily takes his horizon line much higher than it would naturally be. "In a Cottage Garden" is brilliantly clever, in so far as it depicts without trick, and yet with singular felicity, the effect of the dying sunlight gilding with red-gold the face and form of an old woman, who is occupied in sawing wood in her garden. The lines of the composition are, it appears to us, unnecessarily ugly: they are broken up into a succession of acute angles of decidedly unpictorial effect, The third canvas is entitled "A Small Holding." It is a study of sunlight flickering through foliage on to the ground, and covering with bright patches alternating with shadow the feathered inhabitants of the farmyard, as thickly massed, all white and yellow against an earthy soil, they gather at the feet of a woman who bends to feed them. It is in this clever, unconventional performance that the peculiar mannerism of the artist's brush-work is most apparent.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE National Portrait Gallery will be open on Sunday for the first time to-morrow.

ADMIRERS of the late Ford Madox Brown will be glad to hear that a small collection of his designs and cartoons will form a feature of the forthcoming exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Society, to be held at the New Gallery in the autumn. The deceased artist, who was a member of the Arts and Crafts Society from its foundation, contributed an essay on "Mural Painting" to the catalogue of their exhibition of 1889.

THE following exhibitions will open next week: a select collection of pictures by French masters of the present century—including "La Mare aux Vipères," by Diaz—at the gallery of Messrs. Obach & Co., Cockspur-street; and a small collection of oil-paintings by various artists—English, French, and Dutch—at Mr. E. J. van Wisselingh's Dutch Gallery, Brook-street.

DR. ROBERT MUNRO, secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, will, on Thursday next, deliver the first of two lectures at the Royal Institution, on "Lake Dwellings."

THE late George Richmond, R.A., has bequeathed to the National Portrait Gallery two drawings by himself of John Keble and Samuel Rogers; £100 to the Artists' General Benevolent Institution; and to his son, the Rev. T. K. Richmond, the silver plate given to him for his services in the purchase of Sir Robert Peel's pictures for the nation.

THE frontispiece to the June part of the *Magazine of Art* will be a photogravure of a painting by the Hungarian artist, Jendràssik Jenö; and the additional plate will be a wood-engraving of Troyon's "Cattle," recently presented to the Glasgow Gallery.

THE following have been elected members of the Royal Society of British Artists—Messrs. T. W. Cafe, Isaac Cooke, A. H. Collings, O. Eckhardt, John Eyre, Reginald Frampton, G. P. Gaskell, W. Lee Hankey, Charles Low, J. W. T. Manuel, and S. H. Sime.

THE following is the result of the annual competition at the Crystal Palace exhibition of pictures by British and foreign artists, the judges this year being Mr. W. P. Frith, Mr. G. A. Storey, and Mr. E. M. Wimperis. In the competition among English artists for historical or figure subjects in oil, the gold medal fell to Mr. J. R. Reid, for "The Mate of the Mermaid's Wedding." Silver medals in this class were awarded to Mr. J. H. Bacon, Mr. F. W. Topham, Mr. Haynes King, and Mr. J. L. Gloag. Mr. Frank Walton's "Mists in May and Heat in June" received the gold medal for landscapes, sea-pieces, animals, and other subjects; and other prizes in this class were awarded to Mr. A. Helcke, Mr. G. C. Haité, Mr. E. Hayes, Mr. A. E. Proctor, Mr. W. Strutt, Mr. T. G. Cooper, and Mr. J. Peel. A seapiece, "The Morning of Another Day," by Mr. J. Nash, won the gold medal for water-colours.

THE library of the late Prof. Overbeck, the eminent archaeologist, has been purchased by Mr. Karl W. Hiersemann, of Leipzig, who will shortly send out special catalogues.

AT a recent meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions, M. Héron de Villefosse exhibited some magnificent examples of Greek art, which have been acquired by the Louvre. In particular, there was a golden tiara, hammered out and chased, in an admirable state of preservation. Its weight is 443 grammes; its height, 20 centimeters; its diameter, across the base, 18 centimeters. It was found in a tomb, near the ancient town of Olbia, in the Crimea. The most interesting thing about it is that it bears the following inscription:

Η ΒΟΥΛΗ ΚΑΙ Ο ΔΗΜΟΣ Ο ΟΛΒΙΟΠΟΛΕΙΤΩΝ
ΒΑΣΙΛΕΑ ΜΕΓΑΝ ΚΑΙ ΑΝΕΙΚΗΤΟΝ ΣΑΙΤΑΦΑΡΝΗΝ.

It is known, from an inscription that has long been familiar, that Saitapharnes was a barbarian king, who frequently made incursions into the territory of Olbia, and levied tribute from the inhabitants. On one occasion, when the king appeared on the bank of the Hypanis, a rich citizen of Olbia, Protogenes by name, offered him 900 pieces of gold. The king rejected this offer as insufficient, and declared war against the city; but he was finally bought off with magnificent presents. Is it possible to believe that this tiara was among them?

THE STAGE.

At last there has been produced at a London theatre a piece that is absolutely healthy and yet not dull. "Rosemary: that's for Remembrance," by Messrs. Louis Parker and Murray Carson, was brought out at the Criterion a few nights since. It is not a faultless piece. It is not altogether well constructed. It is written in more keys than one, and the change of key is sometimes sudden and, as one might say, arbitrary. But the piece has youth of spirit in it. It has *naïveté*; it has fancy. It discusses no burning problem for the satisfaction of those who think a playhouse ought to be a forum. And it is acted well all round, but more particularly well by Mr. Charles Wyndham, who is a youthful middle-aged man in one act and a veteran—lagging not altogether superfluous—in another. Yes, it is a charming piece, as theatrical pieces go. It is simple while it is ingenious; and it has feeling while also it has comedy. Mr. Wyndham and his authors are to be congratulated upon an eminently creditable, if unconventional, performance. And as a theatrical audience even now does not consist entirely of the pessimists and the *blasés*, we take it "Rosemary" will have a frank success.

The two Miss Beringers have appeared as Romeo and Juliet. The experiment was interesting; the result, upon the whole, satisfactory. Miss Vera Beringer played Juliet. She is too young, perhaps, to exhibit passion. This and great impulse, too, were no doubt lacking. Nor is she yet—and she could not possibly be at present—a consummate actress, such as we wish for in the part. But the ideal Juliet we may, perhaps, never see: it is the one part of which it is said most truly that no one can act it until she is no longer young enough to look it. Youth, at all events, is Miss Vera Beringer's, and a distinct and trained intelligence. The girl who, in her childhood, was so entirely charming in the "Little Lord Fauntleroy," has a right to be again seen, and can scarcely fail to again interest. We do not generally like young men's parts played by girls, for there are plenty of charming girls' parts for charming girls to play. One charming girl, however—and that is Miss Esmé Beringer—has just now shown she can be an admirable Romeo, poetic and magnetic, sensitive, graceful, and not wanting in power. A creation remarkable and half instructive, having in it some delightful art, but much delightful nature, we ought surely to have the opportunity of seeing again, and that before long. Miss Esmé Beringer is a thousand times better employed in such a work than in the kind of piece she has been seen in most recently at the Comedy.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS, ETC.

Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was performed last Thursday week, at the Queen's Hall, under the direction of Mr. Randegger. This is the jubilee year of the oratorio, which still enjoys undiminished popularity. Mr. F. G. Edwards, in his recently published *History of Mendelssohn's Oratorio "Elijah,"* shows how carefully the composer planned his work, how earnestly he laboured at it, and how well he understood the importance of attending to minute details. The correspondence between the Rev. J. Schubring and Mendelssohn with regard to the text reveals a striking fact. The composer was "most anxious to do full justice to the dramatic element"; but Schubring desired "to keep down the dramatic, and raise the sacred element." Had Mendelssohn followed his own instincts, and had he not been influenced by a well-meaning, though mistaken, clergyman, the oratorio might possibly have proved less popular, or rather not have achieved popularity so rapidly as was the case, but it would have been more in keeping with the art-views now prevalent. Without wishing in any way to depreciate the value of the work, the fact that it has been threatened by no formidable rival must not be forgotten. "Elijah" is really the only oratorio of modern times which has enjoyed something more than temporary success. The performance last week was, on the whole, good. Of the four principal vocalists—Miss Macintyre, Mme. Belle Cole, and Messrs. Lloyd and Santley—the two gentlemen have been specially associated with the work for many years past.

At the Royal Institution on Saturday afternoon Mr. F. Corder gave the second of a series of three lectures on Berlioz, Wagner, and Liszt—three composers all more or less of the same school; all more or less friendly the one with the other; and all remarkable for the fierce attacks made on them by critics. After a concise sketch of Wagner's life, and some interesting comments on the wonderful evolution from "Rienzi" to the "Nibelungen" and "Parsifal," the lecturer touched upon what he termed a "painful" subject—viz., the persistent hostility displayed by the critics towards Wagner, and the abuse which many of them showered upon the man. The persistent hostility seems to us, however, easy of explanation. Wagner moved onward and upward at such a rapid rate that novelty, which Mr. Corder thinks may account for the hostility shown at the outset, was ever presenting itself anew. Interesting was the allusion to Dr. Prout, who, after hearing the first performance of "Parsifal," retracted certain opinions formed from reading the score. The Dublin Professor was held up as a model critic, and his honesty certainly deserves full recognition. But it was scarcely logical to compare his conduct with that of the stubborn critics mentioned above: the cases were not parallel. After frequent hearings they remained unconverted; Dr. Prout merely withdrew opinions formed from reading a colourless pianoforte score. Mr. Corder's lecture was listened to with marked attention.

The Prelude and an Entr'acte from Goldmark's opera "The Cricket on the Hearth," recently produced at Vienna, were performed at the first Richter Concert on Monday evening. In both numbers the thematic material, some of it of folk character, is taken from the opera. Wagner in his Preludes has adopted a similar method; but there is organic life in them, and masterly developments render them interesting even as absolute music. Goldmark only presents us with fresh melodies, showy writing, and striking colouring. If the opera comes and conquers, then association will play its part: at present, the music in a concert room can only create passing interest. Dr. Richter gave a fine performance of Tschaïkowsky's Symphony in E minor (No. 5), a fine work, but not so great, nor of such equal merit throughout, as the later and last one in B minor. The renderings of the "Meistersinger" and "Parsifal" Preludes were admirable. The conductor never displayed greater ease or greater mastery.

Mr. Eugen D'Albert gave his third pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall on Tuesday afternoon. His programme included show pieces by Rubinstein and Liszt; but there is no necessity for us to expatiate on the wonderful technical gifts of the pianist. Hitherto we have not been able to make up our mind as to his power of interpreting the great masters, of revealing the soul as well as the body—for the notes are little more—of the music. On Tuesday he played three works which, as test pieces, could not be improved upon. In Beethoven's Sonata in C minor (Op. 111) the Promethean resistance and the Promethean resignation were not fully realised; in Weber's Sonata in A flat—the greatest of the four—there were striking contrasts, powerful effects, but the reading lacked tenderness, romance; in Chopin's Polonaise in F sharp minor, the playing was exaggerated both in the bold and delicate sections, and the poetry of the music suffered accordingly. In judging such a man as Mr. D'Albert we adopt, naturally, a high standard: that is, Rubinstein. The technical powers of that pianist were enormous; but with the exception of an occasional revolt, those powers, like his intellectual gifts, were held under proper control: the music came from his heart and went straight to that of his audience. Mr. D'Albert seems to us a great artist who, by pandering to the gods, has lowered himself to the rank of a first-class pianist: there are many moments in his playing which show what he might have been.

Two other pianists deserve a word of mention. Mlle. Clotilde Kleeberg, a French pianist of good taste and sound judgment, gave a recital on Friday week, and her interpretations of pieces by Bach, Schumann, and Weber were highly satisfactory. Her technique is neat, her phrasing intelligent, and her playing expressive and unaffected. The hall was far from full. At this season of the year, however, concerts are numerous, to say nothing of other attractions; and many capable artists find it difficult to attract a large audience.

M. Emil Sauer gave his second recital on Saturday afternoon, and Mr. Corder's lecture closed in time for us to hear him play Schumann's "Carneval." The reading of the work showed thought, character, and feeling. It was not quite after the style of Mme. Schumann, but on that very account deserves praise. Mme. Schumann, no doubt, was—her death at an advanced age is announced at the moment of our writing—the best representative of the composer's conception of the music; pianists, however, must interpret according to their feelings—that is, within certain limits, they must display their individuality.

The Bach Choir gave their third concert on Tuesday at the Queen's Hall. The programme opened with Astorga's "Stabat Mater," a noble work of the early part of the eighteenth century. The greatness and pathos of the music are strongly felt, but a concert-room is not the proper place for it: in a cathedral, and given quite according to the intentions of the composer, it would produce far greater effect. Miss Fanny Davies rendered with immense spirit Bach's fine Concerto in D minor: the opening of the third movement must surely have been running in Mendelssohn's head when he wrote his "Rondo Capriccioso." The programme concluded with Dr. Parry's setting of the choric song at the end of Tennyson's poem "The Lotos-Eaters": the introductory lines were effectively declaimed by Mr. Forbes Robinson. Dr. Parry's music is thoroughly suitable to the words: it is full of clever and expressive details; and there is no over-elaboration, no straining after effect. Yet the poetry seems to us already to have sufficient music in it: what Dr. Parry furnishes, though always appropriate in character, often seems superfluous. Again, the soft, sensuous, tones pall a little on the ear: what can be said cannot always be sung. Dr. Stanford conducted the "Stabat Mater" and the "Concerto," and Dr. Parry his own work which, by the way, was first produced at Cambridge in 1892.

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